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5

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a) the hot new punk jewelry fad.

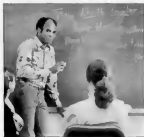


b) an exotic dancer from Philadelphia who has a special way with "Jingle Bells."



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



AUTHOR WIDEMAN POSTING UP LOW AT WYOMING

During the mid-to-late 1950s, teachers at the Homewood Elementary and then the Liberty School in Pittsburgh had an unusual option when it came to class discipline. They could use a ruler to rap a rowdy class to attention, or they could ask, little John Wideman to come forward and tell a story. Borrowing from a book he'd read, a poem he'd written or, as Wideman says, "just a child's imagination," he'd draw a quilt of quiet over the room.

Now 41, a former Rhodes scholar and author of five novels, Professor Wideman—he has taught English for the last eight years at the University of Wyoming—is still at home in front of a class. And he hasn't lost his touch as a storyteller. One of his latest tales, which appears under the heading *FIRST PERSON* on page 96, is a compelling combination of life, literature and sport. Excerpted from his forthcoming book *Brothers and Keepers*, it tells of Wideman's chance encounter with a part of his past and the repayment of a lingering basketball debt to a man named Reds.

Basketball was as much the author's game as yarn-spinning. For three years Wideman was a starter at Penn, averaging 12.0 points per game on clubs that went 56-23 overall and won a Big Five co-championship in his senior year, 1963. The "last of the 6' 2" forwards," Wideman was All Big Five and team captain in 1962-63.

In 1974 Wideman was elected to the

Big Five Hall of Fame, but his goals have always been more hardcover than hardcourt. The Rhodes took him to Oxford, where he received a degree in English and played guard on a basketball team that included an erstwhile Ivy League opponent and soon-to-be Knick named Bradley. "I remember taking Bill to practice every day for two years on the back of my raggedy motor scooter," says Wideman. "To think I had a future Senator, maybe a future President, on the back of that old bike!"

Wideman's first novel, *A Glance Away*, was published by Harcourt Brace and World in 1966, after he had completed his three years at Oxford and accepted a fellowship at the prestigious Writers' Workshop in Iowa City. Novels two and three, *Hurry Home* and *The Lynchers*, came out between 1967 and '73, while Wideman was teaching two subjects at Penn: English in the morning and basketball in the afternoon (assisting a freshman coach named Digger Phelps).

Wideman hooked up with Wyoming in 1973 when, while on a year's sabbatical, he and his wife, Judy, visited the West and decided to stay. It was in the following five or six years that two more novels were published, as well as a collection of short stories dealing with life in Homewood, a theme that recurs in his story in this issue.

Today he tells his students that "sweat" has been his key to success, in writing as it was in basketball. "I've always been drawn to craftsmen of language," he says. "The classical Greeks, Ralph Ellison, Norman Mailer. And I've learned from the oral tradition—from listening to my mother's stories, from the music of the blues, from slave narrations, from the magic of a preacher. I value the word. I respond to it as a writer."

*Philip D. Hurd*

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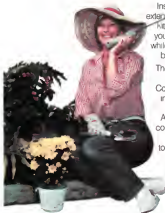
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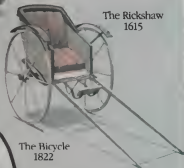
## Sideline

by ROBERT GOLDBERG

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Down on the Deuce—New York's 42nd Street—three-card monte isn't the main event anymore. No, the hottest hustle involves one of the world's oldest pastimes—chess.

On any given afternoon in fair weather, on the corner of Broadway and 42nd, the sidewalks are packed. Sandwiched among street vendors hawking incense and marques that scream FISTS OF FURY and MANHATTAN SEX FIENDS are four chessboards. They sit side by side on a table made of wooden planks supported by sawhorses, and the action is full blast at each of the four. (Backgammon pros often operate on adjacent planks.) All around, spectators kibitz. And in the middle of this unlikely setting, the Knights of the Deuce, as the chess entrepreneurs might be called, square off over their rooks and pawns.

It started small, eight to 10 years ago, when a guy named Broadway Bobby D turned over a trash can at Broadway and 42nd, put a chessboard on top and announced that he was open for business. These days, although Bobby has moved on, several boards are running on his old corner, and now chess games are being played in other parts of the Times Square area, notably at Seventh Avenue between 41st and 42nd streets and at Broadway and 50th, and new stars pop up all the time.

They go by the names of Tag and Brito, Sweet Pen and Thomas. Almost all are black. They are back-street Bobby Fishers, curbstone Karpovs, and the game they play is blitz, or lightning chess. Each player has a total of five (sometimes 10) minutes in which to complete all his moves. Make a move, hit the clock. Make a move, hit the clock. You can be done in by checkmate—or just by thinking too long. It's the perfect street game. The scruffy-looking players set up the board, offering white to their opponents—usually passing tourists or businessmen. A two- or three-dollar bet, plus a 50¢ board fee, is put up. And wham, it's over.

Most of these bold and incisive Broadway players abound well-known and time-honored opening tactics after only a

continued



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# Stolichnaya

## The Vodka



few moves to leap into risky territory. For even the tournament player of muddling ability, these moves are too unsettling to counter in the allotted time. Of course, if it were a typical four-hour tournament game or if the rival is a truly unsightly or equally idiosyncratic player, the odds could well fall to the passerby-cum-opponent. But the way the game is played at the corner of Broadway and 42nd, Tag and his friends are hard to beat.

"The majority of these players are very strong," says Burt Hochberg, a former chess magazine editor. "They're almost master strength—they're tricky and they're good at psychology. They know that most players don't like to play defensively, and they manage to seize the initiative with a sacrifice or something and get a good attack going. You can't take them lightly."

The street hustlers have high winning percentages. Tag, who is 45, estimates they win nine of every 10 games. "There ain't no luck involved," he says. "We know how to capitalize on the mistakes of the other player." The opponent's small bet is, in effect, a fee for a lesson. "I have the knowledge," says Tag. "I give my opponent access to me at the corner of Broadway and 42nd."

Winning does pay, but chess is still none too profitable. "Nobody out here is making a million bucks," says Tag. "Forty dollars at the end of a day is exceptional. The average take is \$28." What he fails to mention is that earnings are often deposited directly into the Off-Track Betting shop across the street.

While Tag and the others play for pay, money isn't everything. Tag, a self-styled philosopher, says he has "a craving" for chess. "You have to play," he says. "You're born a chess player. I started playing as soon as I picked up my baby bottle."

"Chess is the supreme game of the mind, of the imposition of the will. In life, in politics, on the world scene, only chess players are not deluded by the pitfalls that lie three, four, five moves ahead. But Americans are not chess players, they're footballers, baseballers. Most Americans play chess because of an interest in European culture, if they're white, or because they learned it in prison, if they're black."

Perched on a trash can, Brito, a mustachioed Brazilian, has a similar viewpoint. "I don't look for money. I just play for the excitement."

This Saturday afternoon Brito is trying to hustle up a little excitement. "You, sir," he calls, "would you like to play some chess?" The passerby has short hair, a skinny build and glasses; he looks as if he might be a computer operator. His name is Del Area. He approaches the board warily. "What's your USCF [United States Chess Federation] rating?" he asks Brito. "What's USCF?" says Brito. "Let's play." So they do, and the bespectacled Del, a visitor from Arizona, loses. After the game, he walks away, shaking his head and saying, "I think I could have got him. I've been playing for 12 years—my rating's 1685. I'm just not used to playing on the street—the noise, the heat, the feeling of what do I do now? If I had relaxed, I might have won. If I get up my courage, I might play again. I would guess he's only a little better than average, an 1800, player."

Actually, Brito is a grand master with a rating of 2450 from the FIDE (Fédération Internationale des Echecs). He beat Area with a slashing Queen attack and is such a powerful player that he often offers opponents odds—giving himself only one minute to complete all moves against their five. Brito has learned to ignore the distractions of the street—at one point, as he plays, a bag lady sifts through the trash can he is leaning against. "Once your mind is on the board, the noise disappears," he says.

Police view street chess as a game of skill, not a scam like three-card monte. Says Sergeant Robert Treubert of the Midtown South Precinct, "Gambling is not condoned. But as long as we don't see any money, and they don't create any problems, we allow them to play. We've had no complaints as far as I can remember. The chess players are very cooperative and friendly. And chess gives Times Square some atmosphere, some class."

Back on the corner, another patzer (a beginner or bad player, in the argot of chess) steps up to one of the boards—Rumar Julisson, a visitor from Iceland. Down go the three dollars. The clock is started. The players slam out their pawns, cut through with their bishops. Seven and a half minutes later the game—a close one—is over, and the visitor is three dollars poorer. He turns to leave, steps and says, "I may come back tomorrow, I think I'd win." He pauses and then adds ruefully, "You know, this game is addictive."

END


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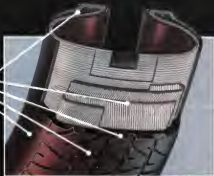
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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## EXPLOITATIVE AND COLLUSIVE

In the aftermath of the U.S. Football League's signing of Herschel Walker, the powers-that-be in pro and college football were falling all over themselves to reaffirm their fealty to the notion that the pro leagues shouldn't traffic in players with college eligibility. The USFL said that its violation of that tenet in signing Walker was an "exceptional case." The NFL expressed the hope that it wouldn't have to stoop to the USFL's level and raid the campuses, and college coaches were so distraught about the USFL's supposed treachery that some schools and conferences promptly declared the league's emissaries persona non grata. Mississippi State Coach Emory Bellard went so far as to call Walker's defection to the USFL "the single worst thing that has happened to college football since its inception."

Curiously, nobody seemed able to agree on just why the spitting away of still-eligible college players might be so bad. Two common explanations were that the practice would 1) interfere with the players' education or 2) undermine the stability and financial health of college football. The first fear was expressed by a number of college coaches as well as the Dallas Cowboys' Tom Landry, who protested the USFL's signing of Walker by saying, "We've got to have the players with their college educations so they can move into their careers [outside football]." The second was voiced by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle: "Colleges are having financial problems," he said. "To many, football is the main source of revenue. This is most unfortunate."

With all due respect for Landry's avowed concern for academics, however, only 29% of NFL players have earned college degrees, and college coaches are being downright presumptuous in invoking educational considerations. These are the selfsame gentlemen who steer their players into jock curricula that don't lead to degrees, the better to encumber them with 30 or more hours a week of practice, weight training, football-related travel, chalk talks and film sessions. If their players didn't have to devote so much time to the piskin, of course, more of them might wind up with sheepskins.

The contention that the luring away of

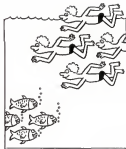
still-eligible collegians would cause financial hardship or otherwise disrupt the college game is also unconvincing. The loss of some of these players might slightly diminish the overall quality of college play and in some cases give schools less time to cultivate and exploit the name value of their biggest stars, but it wouldn't affect the competitiveness and esprit that are most responsible for college football's appeal. In the dozen years since Spencer Haywood went to court to force the NBA to drop a similar ban against signing players with eligibility remaining, college basketball has enjoyed unprecedented popularity.

But the college football establishment believes its sport merits special treatment, and that's good enough for the pro leagues, which use the colleges as a farm system and, notwithstanding the USFL's signing of Walker, don't want to offend the college coaches if they can help it. The resulting arrangement, rigged as it is to keep players from entering the job market before exhausting their eligibility, is collusive and quite likely illegal. It should further be noted that while thus holding their football players to four-year commitments, the colleges themselves are careful to make only one-year commitments: NCAA rules specify that athletes receive one-year scholarships renewable on a yearly basis—at the discretion of the colleges.

This exploitative situation is dramatized by the case of 27-year-old Willie Young, an Army veteran and father of five who was a standout defensive end as a freshman at Illinois in 1981 but quit school last summer and joined the Winnipeg Blue Bombers of the Canadian Football League. Young had first signed with the USFL's Chicago Blitz, but then backed out of the deal. The league has since said that it would have disallowed his contract anyway because of its hands-off-underclassmen policy, which is patterned after the NFL's long-standing rule. If Young decides at some future juncture that he'd rather play pro football in the U.S. than in Canada, he may have to be patient. As things now stand, because he dropped out of college, the NFL and USFL wouldn't draft him until a year after his class graduates, at which time he'll be 30.

## THE BIG BARRON RELAY

At Fenwick High in Oak Park, Ill., the four Barron brothers were all varsity swimmers, but because the eldest, Jimmy, graduated the year before the youngest, Tom, arrived as a freshman, they weren't all on the team at the same time. But that changed at Iowa State, where first Jimmy enrolled, followed by Mike, Timmy (after transferring from Illinois) and Tom. Because Jimmy was red-shirted for one year, all four boys wound up as Cyclone teammates this season, and Coach Bob Groseth got the idea of entering them as a 400-yard medley relay team in a dual meet against Northwestern in Evanston, a short drive from the



Barron family's suburban Chicago home.

To make the brotherly relay a reality, Groseth had to switch Jimmy, the most gifted of the Barrons and normally a breaststroker—he placed 12th in the 200-yard breaststroke in the 1980 NCAAAs—to another stroke. Groseth decided that the 22-year-old senior would lead off in backstroke, followed by Tom, 18, a freshman, in breaststroke; Tim, 19, a sophomore, in butterfly; and Mike, 21, a senior, in freestyle. When the meet began, most of the 100 fans on hand seemed to be friends or relatives of the Barrons. Everybody cracked up when the P.A. announcer introduced the Iowa State medley relay entry by declaring "In Lane Three, Jim Barron, Tom Barron, Tim Barron and Mike Barron." But what the brothers

continued

# IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over \$40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

## *The fringe.*

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares.

Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so,

they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

## *Beyond the fringe.*

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his

Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

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Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

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called the Big Barron Relay quickly turned into the Big Barron Bitch-up. Iowa State's unique foursome built a nice lead, and Mike hit the touch pad well ahead of the Northwestern anchorman, but the officials, ruling that Mike had left the block too soon in starting his leg, disqualified the Cyclones, giving the Wildcats the victory in 3:53.74.

Although the other three boys naturally taunted Mike with "you blew the relay," the anticlimactic ending, in truth, scarcely mattered. Despite the disqualification, Iowa State easily won the meet 81-30, and Jimmy says, "It was kind of funny. It was all built up, and then we got disqualified. But just the fact that we got to swim together in a meet was great."

#### HE'S HONEST, HONEST

Nine-year-old Josh Oliver of Raytown, Mo., was awarded \$500 last week as one of the winners in a contest in Kansas City underwritten by an anonymous donor to reward instances of "honesty for honesty's sake." Playing baseball last summer for a team sponsored by the Raytown YMCA, Josh had been called safe in a close play at second but honorably informed the umpire, "He tagged me—I'm out," and then trotted to the bench. After being honored for this commendable act, Josh was asked by a TV interviewer, "How hard was it for you to have yourself called out?" The young award winner replied, "It was easy. We were ahead 18 to nothing at the time."

#### WHY THEY CALL IT VETERANS STADIUM

With the off-season acquisition of 39-year-old Joe Morgan and 40-year-old Tony Perez to go with graybeards Pete Rose (41), Ron Reed (40), Bill Robinson (39) and Tug McGraw and Steve Carlton (both 38), the 1983 Philadelphia Phillies figure to be the oldest team in major league history. Of course, not all of those oldsters will be on the field at the same time. Still, Phils owner Bill Giles notes that as of April 14, when Rose turns 42, the combined age of a Phillie lineup that could very well take the field together would be the same as that of the historic city in which the team plays. The lineup Giles has in mind and their mid-April ages: Rose, 1B, 42; Morgan 2B, 39; Mike Schmidt, 3B, 33; Ivan DeJesus, SS, 30; Von Hayes, LF, 24; Garry Maddox, CF, 33; Gary Matthews, RF, 32; Bo

Diaz, C, 30, and Steve Carlton, P, 38.

That's a total of 301 years. Philadelphia will be 301 on Nov. 8. It was founded on that date in 1682 by William Penn, who was then a Phillie-ish 38.

#### THE INATTENTION FACTOR

*We have a young lady that is director now of the Environmental Protection Agency, and she is introducing as fast as she can common sense in an area that I think has been yielding to environmental extremists.*

—President Reagan, at a G.O.P. fundraising event in Santa Barbara, Calif., on Aug. 27, 1981.

*No, not at all. And, George, let me remind you of something. I fancy myself an environmentalist.*

—Reagan, when asked by the Los Angeles Times's George Skelton on Jan. 21, 1982 if he had any "second thoughts" about his handling of environmental issues.

*The American people insist on a quality environment. We also strive for economic progress and the promise of a better life. A clean, healthy environment is a fundamental part of that promise.*

—Reagan, in a message to Congress upon the release of the Council on Environmental Quality's annual report on July 21, 1982.

*Everybody here would acknowledge that we've got problems at EPA. A lot of us frankly have not been paying much attention to it in the last two years.*

—Unnamed senior White House aide, quoted in The New York Times, Feb. 26, 1983.

#### BOWLS & POLLS

Speaking of Herschel Walker—and who isn't?—Louisville Times columnist Bob Hill has come up with an interesting what-if concerning the big Sugar Bowl showdown in which second-ranked Penn State won the national college football championship by beating Walker-led No. 1 Georgia 27-23. Hill asks us to imagine what would have happened had the Dawgs and Nittany Lions played to a tie. "They would have remained, therefore, the best two college football teams in the country," he says. "They just

couldn't beat each other. But chances are when the polls came out, either Southern Methodist or Nebraska, the No. 3 and 4 teams, would have moved to No. 1."

Hill is no doubt right in assuming that a New Year's night tie would have illogically knocked both Georgia and Penn State out of the national title picture. He's also on target in suggesting that this would have happened because pollsters ascribe extra weight to the most recent week's results. It's more than likely that had Penn State and Georgia played to a tie in, say, the season opener and finished their regular schedules in all other respects just as they did, and then won bowl games, Georgia, with an 11-0-1 record, would have wound up as national champion.

Hill offers a remedy "Barring a playoff system, maybe the best way to measure the true No. 1 football team over the course of the season is to combine all the weekly polls at the end of the season. The team with the most cumulative points would be the winner, the best over the long haul." As things now stand, he says, the final polls "only show the best team for that week. It's a little like giving a kid a school grade for the whole year based only on his final exam."

Unless, of course, there were real final exams in the form of playoffs culminating in a national championship game. In that case, there presumably would be a sudden-death overtime to break a tie and avoid the entire problem. And there's nothing at all to prevent the NCAA from adopting sudden death in bowl games in the meantime.

#### THEY SAID IT

● Don Haskins, basketball coach at Texas-El Paso, after a street in that city was named Don Haskins Drive: "I don't know how I can thank everybody. It's hard for me to put into words—I'm just a coach."

● Tim Curr, Delaware's 6' 10½" center, answering the inevitable question posed by the inevitable stranger at the Philadelphia airport: "The weather up here is clear and sunny, with plenty of rebounds in the forecast."

● Shane Rawley, a sometime starting pitcher for the Yankees, after fighting and finally beating a 75-pound amberjack in the Gulf of Mexico near Sarasota, Fla.: "Goose, where are you when I need you most?"

**THIS BUD'S  
FOR YOU.**



OFFICIAL BEVERAGE OF  
THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

# He Had The Time Of His Life

In the season finale, Eamonn Coghlan lowered his indoor mile record to 3:49.78 **by CRAIG NEFF**

Eamonn Coghlan lay in his New Jersey hotel room early last Sunday afternoon jotting down numbers on a tiny message pad when the phone rang. It was fellow Irishman and miler Ray Flynn. "What time are we going over to the meet?" asked Flynn, who would be racing against Coghlan at the Vitalis/U.S. Olympic Invitational in the Meadowlands 2½ hours later.

Coghlan paused. "Oh, about 3:30," he said, but his thoughts seemed elsewhere. "I think I interrupted him," said Flynn afterward. "He said he was writing or something."

What Coghlan had written down was brief but pithy:

57.4  
58.5  
59.1 (2:55 at ¾ mile)  
54-second last lap

These were the splits he planned to run in Sunday's race, and he didn't dare mention them to Flynn, a close friend but an equally close rival who took away Coghlan's Irish national records last summer in the mile and 1,500 meters. After hanging up, Coghlan totaled the figures he had written to make sure that they added up properly. 1:55.9 at the half-mile, 2:55 at three-quarters, 3:49 at the finish. He tore the

continued

Upon finishing, Coghlan had good reason to exult, for this was the fastest mile he'd ever run, indoors or out.



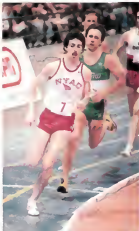


top sheet off the note pad and placed it in a gym bag with his training diary. The splits, it would turn out, were just about dead on.

Coghlan had vowed weeks earlier, following the unexpected death of his father from a heart attack, that he would break the world indoor record of 3:50.6 he had set in San Diego in 1981. "I want to do it for my dad, and for my coach, Gerry Farman, who died last May 4, and for Jumbo Elliott, my college coach at Villanova, who passed away two years ago," said Coghlan, who was injured for the indoor and outdoor seasons last year. Toward that end, he had raced and won three times since returning from his father's funeral in Dublin, beating Flynn twice and American indoor and outdoor record holder Steve Scott three times. In San Diego on Feb. 18 he had run 3:53.1, the ninth-best indoor clocking ever, which hinted that his mark might fall soon. But in fact Coghlan had a goal more important than merely breaking the record. "I want to be under 3:50," he said.

Although Coghlan had been voted by writers and statisticians as history's best indoor mile last year, he hadn't achieved his three main goals in running: winning an Olympic gold medal—he twice has finished fourth, in the 1,500 in 1976 and the 5,000 in '80—setting an outdoor world record and breaking 3:50. Ten milers have gone under that mark a total of 27 times outdoors, but Coghlan had never bettered his 3:50.6 indoor best. "Even at San Diego, when I broke the record," he recalls, "well, I had already set the indoor mile standard once. I was quite disappointed. All I could think of was how close I'd come to 3:50. So close, and yet so far."

What Sunday's meet offered Coghlan was a different sort of closeness. Eamonn, his wife, Yvonne, and their two young children live in Rye, N.Y., only 27 miles northeast of the Meadowlands, and Eamonn looked at the Olympic Invitational, as he did the Mobil/USA Indoor Track & Field Championships that preceded it on Friday night in New York, as almost a home meet. Nevertheless, after winning the mile in a disappointing 3:58.5 on Friday, he decided he wanted no household distractions. On Saturday

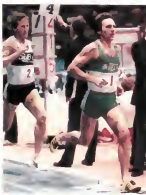


night he drove to a Secaucus, N.J. hotel and checked in. "Yvonne's aunts were here from Ireland," Eamonn explained. "I figured I would have had to stay up and be sociable."

Instead he slept a full 13 hours, got up and went to check out the Byrne Arena track. He jogged around it in street clothes and boots, finding a few loose boards and pointing them out to workmen. "How does the track feel?" someone asked. "It feels great in cowboy boots," Coghlan said. Coghlan had served as a consultant when the track was designed and built in 1981, and he had maintained a special interest in it. "Last year I ran on it a couple times before I was hurt, and I noticed a problem on the turns," said Coghlan. "They weren't a continuous arc. There appeared to be a four- or five-foot straightaway right in the middle of them." His written report on that shortcoming had led to the removal of those straight sections, which in turn had encouraged Coghlan about his chances for a record.

"We're looking for somewhere around 3:49.9," he had announced on Wednesday. As a practiced spokesman for the Irish Tourist Board, Coghlan knows good PR when he delivers it. "If we don't make it Friday night," he said, smiling, "then we'll have to take it across the river on Sunday."

When Scott heard of this prediction on Friday afternoon, he became nervous. "Did Eamonn say we will run 3:49 or we could run 3:49 or we might run 3:49?" he



Donoghue paced the field to a 1:55.7 half, where

asked. "Or that he's going to run 3:49?" Scott turned skeptical. "For Eamonn to break the record, somebody's going to have to push him through three quarters. Just who's going to do that?"

On Friday night, no one. After a slow early pace, however, Coghlan blew off Scott for an easy victory. "Running 1.53 for the last half mile came easy," said Coghlan, who knew that for Sunday's race he would have not only a track of his own design but also a rabbit of his choosing: former Villanova runner Ross Donoghue, a 3:58 miler. "On Saturday afternoon I watched Villanova beat St. John's in basketball with a shot at the buzzer," Coghlan said. "I considered that a good omen."

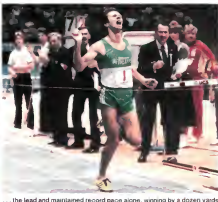
At the gun, Donoghue proved it so. He sprinted ahead of the six other milers and then settled into a fast, even pace. Coghlan didn't give Donoghue specific splits to run because "he's too good a runner and he didn't want to be known as a rabbit." Because the Meadowlands' blue plywood track is six, rather than four, lanes wide, jostling was not a problem. And because it's 176 yards long (approximately 10 laps to the mile) rather than the customary 160 yards (11 laps), it gave the runners a psychological boost. "Running 10 always seems easier than running 11," said Coghlan.

The quarter passed in 56.6 seconds, with Donoghue leading a single-file line, each runner one stride ahead of the next. Coghlan was in second, staring fixedly at Donoghue's back. "I blocked out every-





Coghlan took...



... the lead and maintained record pace alone, winning by a dozen yards.

thing else in the arena," said Coghlan later. "All I was thinking was 'Stay with Donoghue, stay with Donoghue.'" Coghlan had one other thought: "I realized I was feeling very good."

So, apparently, was everyone else. As Donoghue reached the half in 1:55.7, the rest of the field remained within 15 yards of him, with Coghlan still second, followed by Scott and Flynn. "I thought about passing them and going for the lead," said Flynn, "but I heard the splits and decided it wouldn't make sense to go any faster." Just past the halfway mark, Donoghue began to slow, a victim of the pace. "I gave him a nudge and told him to go a little farther," said Coghlan, but instead Donoghue pulled off to the side and let everyone else by. Then he stepped off the track and watched.

Coghlan soon had the crowd of 11,741 on its feet as he reached the three-quarter-mile point in 2:54.8—slightly less than his desired split and one second faster than the world-record pace he'd set in San Diego two years earlier. It seemed uncharacteristically early for Coghlan to take the lead. Scott and Flynn were still in close pursuit. "It looked like Eamonn and Steve were both tiring," said Flynn later, but he was only half right. With two laps remaining, Coghlan, who sensed that "Scott and Flynn were waiting to pounce on me," took off.

Flynn easily moved past Scott, but Coghlan similarly drew away from Flynn. He widened his lead to eight, then 10, then 12 yards. "I put all tiredness out

of my mind," Coghlan would say. "I was going as hard as I could. I just went hell-for-leather."

For more than just a record: "All I could think of was my coach, Gerry Farman, and my father," said Coghlan later. "I was saying, hey, this is for you guys."

Anyone doubting Coghlan's objective needed only to look inside his racing spikes. In the heel of each shoe he had inscribed "3:49.5" in blue pen. "I did it when I bought the shoes last November," he said. "And I wrote it in both of them. I figured there was no point in one leg going faster than another."

At the tape Coghlan raised both fists and looked up at the scoreboard. 3:49.65, unofficially. He blew a kiss to the fans, hugged the meet director and hopped his way down the backstretch. When the official time came, Coghlan waved and jogged and grinned some more. He had lowered his world indoor record to 3:49.78. Flynn, in second place, had finished in 3:51:20, history's No. 3 indoor clocking, and Scott was third in 3:52.28.

"Verrry kweeeek. National record," said Spain's Jose Abascal who had taken fourth in 3:52.56. Even little-known Jay Woods of Brigham Young, the fifth-place finisher, had logged a collegiate record 3:54.40, piling .6 off the mark set in 1974 by Tony Waldrop of North Carolina.

"This track is the fastest I've ever run on indoors," said Flynn. "The bends are beautifully built."

"I helped design it," Coghlan reminded him gently.

Coghlan was led to an assemblage of reporters beneath the stands. "Eamonn, could you rerun the race for us?" asked a newspaperman. Coghlan immediately took off down the concrete passageway. You asked for it. He came back smiling. "I'm psyched," he declared.

Now that he had achieved his goal of a sub-3:50 mile, what would Coghlan aim for next? "If there is another goal it's to make the indoor mile record faster than the outdoor mile record." That would mean an indoor mile faster than 3:47.33, Sebastian Coe's current world best. "I think it can be done," Coghlan said confidently, with no doubt as to who he thinks will do it.

The week, he said, had been good. He'd written a letter to his friend, former sprinter Herschel Walker—Coghlan, the Irish track hero, seems also to have developed a Joycean love of writing—wishing him good luck in the USFL. "I sent it to the University of Georgia, so I hope he gets it," said Coghlan. At the end of his little press conference he explained to reporters that he plans to run the 5,000 meters in both the World Track & Field Championships this August in Helsinki and at the 1984 Olympics. And that, because he'll be concentrating on the L.A. Games next year, he probably won't run very much indoors.

"So you're almost finished as a miler," someone offered.

Coghlan was mildly startled at the suggestion. "After 3:49," he said, "I'm not half finished."

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As the fans filed into The Spectrum in Philadelphia Sunday night for the Flyers' game with the Islanders, they were exposed, as are fans at every Flyers home game, to a pugilistic atmosphere.

Outside, on the north side of the arena, an 8½-foot statue of Rocky Balboa, a prop from the movie *Rocky III*, stands with its bronze arms raised in a boxer's gesture of triumph. Inside, 35 minutes

before faceoff, the Flyers took the ice for warmups to the driving beat and ominous lyrics of the *Rocky III* theme song, *Eye of the Tiger*, by Survivor.

The Flyers have soared to the top of the NHL with a style of play their pugilistic predecessors would hardly recognize

by JACK FALLA

Don't lose your grip on the dreams of the past.

You must fight just to keep them alive.

## They're The Lords Of Discipline



The song and statue would seem to be appropriate trappings for a team that for the past 11 brawl-filled seasons has led the NHL in penalty minutes and fought its way into the Stanley Cup finals in four of those years. (Philadelphia won the Cup in '74 and '75 and was runner-up in '76 and '80.) This season, however, as the Flyers have pulled away in the Patrick Division race—after Sunday's 2-0 win over the second-place Islanders, Philadelphia enjoyed a 14-point lead and had a league-high 89 points—they have employed a new style, which may come

as a surprise to those who knew and loathed them as the Broad Street Bullies.

"We're the Broad Street Ballet now," says Philadelphia General Manager Keith Allen, only half in jest. In recent years, such proclamations meant merely an increase in press releases, not a reduction in penalty minutes. But in 1982-83 the shift from fighting to skating is demonstrably and intriguingly real. Through 63 games, the Flyers had accumulated 1,121 minutes in penalties. At the same juncture in 1981-82, they had been hit with 1,986 minutes.

"Credit Bob McCammon," says Allen of the coach he once hired and fired in a span of 6½ months and whom he has now entrusted with recasting the franchise. "In the past we just paid lip service to cutting down penalties. Bob showed us how much they were hurting us, and he's the first guy to come in here and make the players respond."

McCammon, then 37, took over behind the Flyer bench in July 1978 after the legendary Fred Shero left to become coach and general manager of the Rangers. "Keith told me Freddie had been easy on the players, so I decided to be easy on them, too," says McCammon. "That was my first mistake." McCammon never gained full control of that veteran team, and the players didn't exactly overwhelm him with respect. Once Defenseman Andre Dupont flashed his two Stanley Cup rings under McCammon's nose and said, "How many of these have you won?"

Allen fired McCammon in January 1979, replacing him with tough-talking, cigar-chomping Pat Quinn. But instead of searching for another NHL coaching job, McCammon asked to return to the Maine Mariners, Philadelphia's American Hockey League affiliate, which he'd coached before moving up to the Flyers. Then, late last season, with Philly mired in third place in the Patrick Division and headed for a league-record 102 power-play goals allowed—goals made possible largely by the Flyers' penchant for taking stupid penalties—Allen fired Quinn and rehired McCammon.

McCammon made a reduction in pen-

alty minutes and improved penalty killing his top priorities. Initially he tried fining players who took bad penalties. While that tactic got a lot of publicity, he now admits it didn't work. "Money doesn't motivate a pro hockey player as much as you think it does," says McCammon. "So this season I started sitting guys down. That worked. Pride will motivate these guys." So will splinters.

Penalty-prone players like Paul Holmgren, Behn Wilson and Glen Cochrane were among those missing shifts early in the season for taking unnecessary penalties. McCammon says he was especially irked when his players were penalized "in the neutral or offensive zones where a goal against isn't directly at stake and when they interfere with a guy or trip or hook him because they're too lazy to outskate him. But don't get the wrong idea. Hockey's a tough game, and we're still a tough team." Or, as Jimmy Watson, a Philadelphia defenseman from 1971-72 through '81-82 and now a team scout, says, "We'll still answer the bell."

Yes, and there are nights when the Flyers will ring some bells. In the first period of a Feb. 17 game against Edmonton, for instance, Wilson drew a five-minute major for viciously high-sticking Jaroslav Pouzar. Later, Flyers Scout Joe Watson (Jim's brother and a Philadelphia defenseman from 1966-67 through '77-78) called the incident "one of those hits early in the game that let them know we were going to get a piece of them every time they touched the puck." The Flyers went on to defeat the Oilers 7-3.

While two NHL coaches, Scotty Bowman of Buffalo and Glen Sather of Edmonton, and one general manager, Emile Francis of St. Louis, all use the phrase "more disciplined" in describing the 1982-83 Flyers, many other rivals seem to feel that, deep down, the Flyers are still... the Flyers. "Maybe they have cut down on the third-man-in violations and bench-clearers," says New Jersey Goal-tender Chaco Resch, "but they're still a physically intimidating team, especially around their net. Other clubs might trip or hold you, but the Flyers will cross-check or slash you."

Touché. But whereas previous Philadelphia teams would mix it up—at times goon it up—in any situation, this season's Flyers are, according to McCam-

continued



When Howe joined the penalty killers, Philthy began its march to the top in that category.



With a 14-1-1 record, Froese is the NHL's hottest goalie.

mon, "more careful when the score's close." A case in point: After Ranger Center Ron Duguay wrestled Cochrane to the ice in the first period of a Jan. 23 game in Philadelphia, any Flyer fan might have expected immediate retaliation from Cochrane, a good and eager fighter who last season led Philly in penalties with 329 minutes and who at week's end was No. 1 again with 186. Instead, Cochrane bided his time until the final seconds of the game when, with Philadelphia safely ahead 3-1, McCammon moved him from left defense to left wing and put him on the ice against Duguay's line. Cochrane immediately grabbed Duguay and hammered home a couple of punches.

"It's people like him [Cochrane] who give hockey a bad name," said Duguay after the game.

"No one is going to win the Stanley Cup wearing skirts," says McCammon.

What McCammon has done is discipline the Flyers without sacrificing their traditional toughness. He has a sharp eye for mistakes and a sarcastic tongue. "Way to go, Pelle, way

to watch 'em," said McCammon to Goaltender Pelle Lindbergh after the rookie let in a 70-footer at a morning practice a while back. When Holmgren mis-handled the puck on a good scoring opportunity at another workout, McCammon, who's a native of Kenora, Ont., said, "Holmgren, you chopped that puck into 18 pieces. Aw, what do you expect from an American?"

No one escapes. Recently McCammon's son, Joe, a goaltender at Merrimack College in Massachusetts, phoned his father to report that he'd played well in winning his first college start, a 10-4 victory over Potsdam (N.Y.) State. "Four

goals?" said the elder McCammon. "Yeah, you really must've been great."

"I don't take coaching or myself as seriously as I did when I was here the first time," says McCammon. "A lot of coaches kid themselves into thinking they play a big part in the wins. You do what you can in practice and maybe move a few guys around in games. In the end, though, it's the players who win or lose."

All of which is a self-deprecating short sell of McCammon the tactician. While old-fashioned discipline may have rid Philadelphia of its proclivity for gooning, strategic innovation and good use of per-

sonnel have enabled the Flyers to realize McCammon's second priority: improved penalty killing. Since Nov. 21, when Philadelphia penalty killers were the second worst in the league with 22 goals allowed in 80 shorthanded situations, the Flyers have moved to first place in that department, giving up 11 goals in 127 chances. More impressive, over a 22-game span, from Dec. 26 through Feb. 13, the Flyers allowed only seven goals in man-down situations while scoring eight shorthanded goals. In other words, their penalty-killing unit was plus one.

"The key is Mark Howe," says McCammon of his top defenseman, who was acquired last summer from Hartford in a trade for much-penalized (275 minutes in 1981-82) Center Ken Linseman. "In late November, Howe came to me and said that when he was with the Whalers he sometimes killed penalties as a forward and he thought he could help us doing that. I moved him up with Bobby Clarke. With Clarke's puck-handling ability and Howe's breakaway speed, they not only kill penalties but they actually give us a scoring threat." At week's end Howe had five shorthanded goals, which tied him for the league lead.

The play of Howe and Clarke isn't the only reason Philadelphia has excelled in man-down situations. "For a hundred years the box [defense] was considered the way to kill penalties," says McCammon of the formation in which two defensemen and two forwards form a square in front of their goal. The general idea behind that rather passive alignment is to limit the opponent's power play to passes and shots from the perimeter, thus denying the knife-thrust rush or pass into the slot. "We've gone away from that a little," says McCammon. "We're aggressive."

His system might be best described as a constantly shifting trapezoid in which the player nearest the puck pressures the puck carrier, making him pass it quickly. In that 7-3 win over Edmonton, while Wilson sat out his five-minute infraction, Philadelphia repeatedly disrupted the potent Oiler power play, permitting only two shots on goal, neither of them by Wayne Gretzky, allowing nary a face-off in the Flyer zone and practically forcing Edmonton Defenseman Paul Coffey to high-stick Forward Mark



Kersten Pietzsch removed Lindbergh's Clousieu chapeau and found bristles.

Taylor with 1:28 left in the penalty to avert a breakaway. On Sunday the Islanders, whose power play isn't too shabby either, got zero shots on goal in three man-advantage situations.

McCammon also has devised a tactic for coping with the Oilers, and Gretzky, in particular, in even-up situations. "Unlike a lot of teams, we didn't play one man or one line on him," said McCammon after the Edmonton game. "But when they got control of the puck, we had our third forward positioned high to pick him up early and stay with him through center ice." Thus Gretzky, who finished with two assists and one shot on goal, was denied center ice, the staging area for many of his sneakaways.

All is not strategy and clean—or at least cleaner—living, however. Philadelphia has the horses. Three Flyers played in last month's All-Star game, and all of them are newcomers to the team: Howe, who at week's end had the best plus-minus rating in the NHL with a +43 and may well win the Norris Trophy as the league's best defenseman; Center Darryl Sittler, for 12 years a star with Toronto and an almost certain Hall-of-Famer who came to the Flyers in a trade in January 1982; and Lindbergh, who had two sensational seasons under McCammon in Maine, where he was voted the AHL's MVP and Rookie of the Year in 1981.

The addition of Howe, Brad McCrimmon, acquired in a June deal that sent Goaltender Pete Peeters to Boston, and Miroslav Dvořák from Czechoslovakia gives McCammon "the mobility on defense that we didn't have last year." The impressive bottom line is that after 62 games only the Bruins had yielded fewer goals (172) than Philadelphia (174). Up front, the most recognizable Flyers are Sittler, who had a team-high 36 goals at week's end, Barber, who had 23 points in his last 21 games, and Clarke, the team's leading scorer with 74 points. At 33, Clarke is having his best season since 1975-76, when he finished with 119 points and was a first-team All-Star, and he's playing with a passion perhaps not seen in the NHL since the prime of Maurice Richard.

What McCammon calls "our unknowns"—rookies like Taylor and Lindsay Carson and second-year man Ray Allison—also have had much to do with Philly's success. "A lot of teams might have given up on players like

them in the minors," says McCammon. "They're not the kind of guys who catch your eye. You have to coach them to realize how much they can do for you."

He should know. Ten Flyers played for McCammon during his second hitch in Maine. The two most important Mariner alumni are Lindbergh, the only rookie to play in the All-Star game, and fellow Goaltender Bob Froese (pronounced froze), who's also in his first season. As of Sunday, Lindbergh had an 18-8-3 record and a 2.66 goals-against average, second only to Peeters' 2.25 among netminders with at least 20 starts, but he hadn't played since Feb. 13 because

NHL bench. "This club has more talent than any in the history of the franchise," says Joe Watson, "but what it doesn't have—or at least what we don't know that it has—is maturity, the feeling on great teams that you can always find a way to win." Perhaps, but in games this season against the top 11 teams, the Flyers, through Sunday, had a 16-9-5 record, second only to Boston's. Overall, in its last 29 games Philadelphia had gone 24-3-2.

So while McCammon's reforms may have put the Flyers on track for a run at the Stanley Cup, some things about Philadelphia haven't changed. Most NHL



McCammon had a plan for keeping Gretzky penned up, and the Flyers carried it out.

Froese had been nearly unbeatable. Froese had started the last five games, and his overall record was 14-1-1, with a 1.94 goals-against average.

Still, whatever their accomplishments to date, one has to wonder how this new wave of Flyers will fare in the playoffs. Only two teams—the 1943-44 Canadiens with Bill Durnan and the 1970-71 Canadiens with Ken Dryden—have ever won the Stanley Cup with a rookie in the nets. Only four teams have won the Cup with a coach with so little time behind an

teams have abandoned the custom of subjecting rookies to the dreaded "shave," but Philadelphia has shown no such humanitarian inclination. A few days before the All-Star game, Flyer veterans seized Lindbergh and Froese and shaved their heads. To cover the damage, Lindbergh took to wearing a narrow-brimmed soft hat. "For two or three weeks I have to go around looking like Inspector Clouseau," says Lindbergh. In Philadelphia these days, that's better than looking like Rocky Balboa. **END**

# The Big Brothers Of Phi Slamma Jamma

The Houston fraternity of dunkers and defectors is rushing toward the top spot in the college rankings

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

**W**hy if it isn't the bounding brothers of the University of Houston's newest fraternity, Phi Slamma Jamma? There they are now, mastering their craft in a chapter meeting over at the house, Hofheinz Pavilion.

Aaagggghhhhh, booom! There goes



Alas for the Dream, averaging 54 blocks a game, thrice hearted Rice's Tony Barnett

That's Clyde the Glide Drexler. All subtlety and swirl and perhaps the finest athlete in the college game, Clyde the Glide is 6' 7", gave or take a couple of feet when he is in the midst of one of his swoop raids on the rim, a maneuver he learned as a mere babe on Houston's rough-and-tumble South Side. Over Drexler's three-year career with the Cougars he has scored and rebounded in dou-

Gggggrrrrrrrr. Bfwaaap! There goes Larry (Mr. Mean) Mcheaux. Mr. Mean is 6' 9", with tattoos on both arms—an air-plane on the right, a love sign on the left. "The traditional stuff," says Mr. Mean. When asked by a radio guy a year ago who was better, Georgetown's Pat Ewing or North Carolina's Sam Perkins, Ralph Sampson of Virginia answered, "Neither. That guy Mcheaux is better." Twice Mr. Mean has shaved his head so as to look even meaner. "Since then everything started being wonderful," says Mr. Mean, who's a mute hirsute these days. "I don't take no mess from nobody under the boards."

Wwwwwrrrrrr, soooooompppp! It's Benny (and his Jess) Anders. Benny is 6'5", the shrimp substitute of the Phi house, with a haircut out of Hank Bullard and the Midnighters and the bloodlines of a champion Willis Reed, former Knuck. Is Benny's cousin, Orlando Woodridge, former Notre Dame, is Benny's other cousin. But good blood flows only so far. Benny just averages 10 minutes a game. "All I get is some vicious pine, but I got the utensils," he says. "I drop a dime on the big Swahili, he gets to put it in the hole." Which is Phi Slama Jamaesse for "If I deal it to Akern, he should score."

Whoops. Better get organized on the four line. Here comes the man, The frat's faculty adviser. The big Guy, The coach. "Hey you gahz," roars Guy V. Lewis as his finest East Texas twang after a botched play. "That's turble, jest turble. You think Raahz is doin' this. Hell, Raahz is workin' it. Butts off. Now get your damn fire throws over with. It's aahz cream time." And so it is, because, with that, a big ole hefty booster named James Langham wheels in several gallons of homemade ice cream and a chocolate cake, and the Houston Cougars adjourn another meeting of Phi Slamma Jamma.

It may be difficult to fathom, but this very Houston team, these same jiving, beguiling Cougars, who slunk out of the New Orleans Final Four last March dragging their 0-for-8 star guard, Rob Williams, behind them; who early this season looked defenseless against a Syracuse mystery known as the bounce pass and hopeless against a Virginia playmate



Mr. Mean takes "no mess from nobody."

#### HOUSTON continued

without Sampson; this same defense-on-the-lambda, discipline-be-dammit outfit, had won 23 games (18 straight) through last weekend and had become the latest heir apparent to the No. 1 spot in the wire-service ratings (Houston is fourth in the SI poll). Last Saturday night, after another routine Southwest Conference run-out—this one an 86-52 laughter over Raahz, make that Rice—Houston had 22 consecutive league victories, the longest Southwest Conference streak in 55 years, and not too many coaches or teams, or fraternities for that matter, were prepared to question the Cougars' right to a high ranking.

The fact is, in college basketball's year of living dangerously, Houston is as legitimate as any of the other six teams that have regned as No. 1: Virginia, Indiana, Memphis State, UCLA, North Carolina and Las Vegas. And the explosive Cougars are more entertaining than those six put together. Moreover, if Houston can whip Arkansas on the road this week—a huge chore inasmuch as the Cougars have gone 0-7 through the years in Fay-

etteville—Houston will be odds-on to win the Southwest Conference tournament in Dallas and be a top seed entering the NCAA playoffs.

"We can go all the way this time," says Drexler. "You've never seen such a confident team as this one." Well, not since the last Houston crew to be rated No. 1, the 1967-68 Elvin Hayes-Don Chaney terror, which won 31 in a row, including that famous victory in the Astrodome over maybe the best UCLA team ever. Immune by now to the barbs directed at his buck 'n' wing coaching style, Lewis, 60, has wearied of all the comparisons. "But this is the best team I've ever had at getting ready for people," he says. "I'm not sure I can coach a frame of mind, but I can dang sure try. This team plays to its potential."

The inevitable question about Houston is, what is its potential? On different occasions the Cougars have accumulated some outrageous numbers: 60 points in a half (against Pacific), 58 rebounds (Arizona), 21 steals (Syracuse), 17 blocked shots (Arkansas) and 131 dunks on the season (look up the women and children and take that, Louisville). At week's end Houston ranked third nationally in scoring and rebounding and first in average margin of victory (19.6 points), but a big part of that is a 22.1-point average margin in the Cougars' 14 games in the woe-begone Southwest Conference. Except for a 79-78 squeaker over Southwest Louisiana and a game against Arkansas, which turned out to be a 75-60 rout and the ninth-ranked Hogs' only defeat, the Cougars haven't been tested seriously since December.

Nonetheless, veteran coaches in the territory have been waiting some country kisses at Houston. "Guy has four sure NBA players in that lineup [Olatunji, Drexler, Micheaux and sophomore Swingman Michael Young, who leads the Cougars in scoring]," says Texas A&M's Shelby Metcalf. "And that's not even counting Anders. I've never seen so many stars play so well together." Lamar Coach Pat Foster, who spent eight years as an assistant at Arkansas, says Houston is the best team in Southwest Conference history. "The front line is better than the one for Kentucky's '78 NCAA champs," Foster says. "And those four guys are so talented, Lewis could put a nun out there with them and win." After Lamar lost to Houston by 34 points, Foster asked,

"How many points did the nun score?"

It took a while for Lewis to settle on the "nun"—freshman Alvin Franklin as the starter and Reid Gettys, slow, white, religious and cerebral, the antithesis of the Houston stereotype, as his substitute ram-the-ball-inside assist man. They have floundered at the point position, making up in variety and cooperation for what they lack in point production in comparison with the departed Williams. For example, sophomore Gettys—his 10 of 10 free throws buried Cinderella Boston College in the 1982 NCAA Midwest Regional final and lifted Houston to the Final Four—has averaged only 22 minutes of playing time this season but has had 164 assists. "He gets the ball where I want it—to the post, to the studs," says Lewis. "And he's damn tough."

Gettys would have to be. His father, Homer Marshall Gettys, a 175-pound defensive tackle at Texas Tech, was coveted by Vince Lombardi. Gettys' Valentine's Day birth date and his ironic comment at last year's NAAs—"God allowed me to make those free throws against B.C. He also let me sit on the bench for 40 minutes against North Carolina"—bela a hard-nosed character.

But all the Cougars have to be hard-nosed to survive the raucous, gore-splattered brawls that pass for basketball practice at Hofheinz. Houston Post columnist Tommy Bonk took one look at a session last week and dubbed the team the University of Hurtison. Bonk was also responsible for the Phe Slamma Jamma bit. Micheaux describes the daily routine with relish: "Square-offs, man. TKOs every day."

The foundation of this team was set two years ago when Micheaux was a sophomore center and Drexler and Young were the first two freshmen ever to start for Lewis at forward. They were all local kids, and the Cougars' heart and guts, but in both that season and the next the points were furnished by the flashy, missile-hurling Williams. Live by flash, die by inconsistency. The '80-81 Cougars lost to Biscayne and Alaska-Anchorage, a staggering double unprecedented in the annals of geography, and the '81-82 Cougs dropped four straight Southwest Conference games, including a home loss to lowly SMU. There was a lot of friction on the team, and the chant in Hofheinz was "Guy must go." Still, Houston was thinking Final Four, primarily because of

continued





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No. of Passengers	8	8	8
Max. Cargo Length	126.1 in.	90.2 in.	91.2 in.
Cargo Volume***	291.5 cu. ft.	81.9 cu. ft.	99.4 cu. ft.
Standard Engines	225 Sport-6	5.0 V-8	5.0 EFI V-8
HP @ RPM	155 @ 3600	155 @ 4000	130 @ 3200
Torque @ RPM	179 @ 1200	240 @ 2400	240 @ 2000
Side Door Entry Loading (W x H)	39.8" x 43.2"	28.1" x 37.9"	28.9" x 32.0"
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the burgeoning influence of their new African teammate, Olajuwon, the shot blocker, the Swatuski kid. Sure enough, the Cougars got right at just the right time.

Olajuwon had arrived on campus under the aegis of a coaching friend of Lewis' who had spotted Akeem in the Seventh African Junior Championships. He was a soccer goalie who took up basketball in 1979, which made him the equivalent of about an eighth-grader in hoops experience upon debarkation in Texas. "Think he was a player?" says Lewis. "I didn't even meet him at the airport. I told him to take a cab. That's how much I thought he was a player."

At first Olajuwon ate only rice—the food, not the university; however, he did wolf down 15 points, 13 rebounds and five blocks against the Owls last Saturday night. He pronounced Houston "Austin" in his charming British lilt, and he wore a see-through dashiki covered with rhinestones. "It was kind of, uh, awkward," Drexler remembers. "Akeem tried to tell us they were diamonds. They real. They real." But we embarrassed him into ditching it.

Soon Olajuwon learned about Trans-Am and steak and ice cream—he put away 13 scoops posing for a photographer the other day—and especially some power moves inside the lane, which enabled him to cease being a liability on offense. Akeem dashed Alcorn State and Missouri right out of the 1982 NCAA tournament.

After a summer working against Moses Malone in Houston's Fonde Recreation Center, Olajuwon entered this sophomore season prepared to live up to still another nickname, Little Moses. Among his feats have been 30 points against Utah, 22 rebounds against SMU and, through last weekend, a total of 135 enemy shots swatted to kingdom come, which works out to a fairly preposterous 5.4 blocks a game. "Akeem's a much better shot blocker than I was," says Hayes, who was one of the best. "As a forward I got mine at an angle from the blind side on the centers. He stands right in the middle where the shooter can see him. Those are the hardest blocks. I don't know how he does it so consistently. Akeem has the quickest jump of any 7-footer I've seen."

While Olajuwon and Micheaux take care of business underneath and Young

fills it up from outside, it's the elusive Drexler, sleek, smooth, with matinee-idol looks, who's the core of the Houston transition game. One Drexler dunk was so rousing that Lewis himself jumped out of his chair to give his player a hearty high five as he came running back down court.

Drexler made his national breakthrough with a heroic performance against North Carolina's James Worthy in the national semifinals last year and followed it up this season with a 28-

fore tipoff that Sampson, who was suffering from the flu, would sit out the game. It was a nifty trick, leaving the Cougars much like a man on a desert island expecting Jayne Kennedy and getting Jane Byrne instead.

"We were so pumped up to play—not against Virginia but against Ralph," said a stricken Drexler. And Lewis was angry and contrite enough after the game to apologize publicly, à la George Steinbrenner, to the Japanese people for his team's shabby performance.



Gettys, though slow, while and cerebral, outthrusts Rice's Pat Senske to this loose ball.

point, 13-rebound effort against Syracuse, providing a spectacle of showtime athleticism that sent CBS into sheer ecstacy. Then, sorrowfully for the Cougars, only five days later came VJ day, Virginia in Japan.

Valid grounds exist for Houston to cop a plea for its Sampsonless debacle—a 72-63 defeat—in the Suntory Classic in Tokyo. Virginia's guards were understandably enraged upon hearing that the Cougar players had called them Smurfs. Hardly any enthusiasm or even noise emanated from the studious Japanese crowd. Then the final straw: Virginia didn't alert Houston until 15 minutes be-

Last Saturday, following another monstrosity Drexler evening—18 points, 11 rebounds and nine assists against Rice—Houston and Virginia were once again linked, this time in the race for No. 1 in the country.

Akeem the Dream said being No. 1 would be, of course, a dream. Drexler was asked whom he would vote for. "Well I've seen both teams," he said, hesitating, "and it's a great honor. But we don't need all that pressure. Coach says Number One ain't crap. But nobody wants to be Number Two. So, see you later."

Not for nothing is Clyde the Glide.

# A NEW ROUND OF STAR WARS?

By signing Heisman Trophy Winner Herschel Walker to an out-of-this-world contract, the U.S. Football League put a lot more kick into its debut this week

by **PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



Shortly after the news hit the national wires last week that Herschel Walker had signed an umpteenth-billion-dollar contract with the New Jersey Generals of the U.S. Football League, a strange, almost unnoticed, mock protest took place on the Generals' practice field at the University of Central Florida in Orlando.

Most of the defensive backs wore a single strip of white tape on a sleeve of their jerseys, high up near the shoulder pad. Why? "Because," one General said, "they realized that the starting defensive backfield would only make about one

percent of what Herschel signed for. That was their protest."

They probably got the numbers a bit wrong. They were going with one of the earliest and wildest estimates of Walker's package, the \$16.5 million figure that made the rounds for a while before settling down to a more reasonable \$3.9 million, three-year contract, with incentive bonuses that could push the total up to \$4.5 million. But the message was clear nevertheless. Walker, the most famous college football player since Red Grange, represents the fledgling USFL's

*continued*



hope—but, as we shall see, he also poses a dilemma.

Will the USFL make it? The issue is not only the survival of a league, but of a brand-new concept: football in the spring and the early summer. Football vs. the NBA playoffs and the Stanley Cup, the Indy 500 and the Kentucky Derby: football while you're sniffing the spring blossoms with your best girl; football while sailboats are on the bay and runners are on first and second; football while the beaches beckon; football, football, football; Herschel Walker in a funny uniform during a funny season. Is America really ready for this? Are we a nation of football junkies, ready to be hooked by one superstar, a few notables of lesser magnitude and 500 guys named Marvin?

Can one man grab an entire league and force it into our lives, never mind the season or the reason? The early headlines regarding the USFL after Walker's signing—INSTANT CREDIBILITY, INSTANT SUCCESS, etc.—seemed to say so. But let's look at the history of new leagues and their superstars.

Sunday, Nov. 22, 1925: Grange, after having played the day before for Illinois in its final game of the season, against Ohio State, appears on the Chicago Bears' bench for a game with Green Bay. There are 7,500 spectators in the Wrigley Field stands. Four days later, Thanksgiving Day, he plays his first game for the Bears, against the Chicago Cards. Some 36,000 fans jam Wrigley to watch the redhead rush for 36 yards in a 0-0 tie. Ten days after that a pro football record crowd of 73,000 shows up at the Polo Grounds in New York to watch Grange and the Bears beat the Giants 19-7. This has officially been described as the day pro football escaped from the dark ages, made it, established itself in the U.S.A. Not entirely true.

All in all, Grange played in eight games for the Bears in 12 frantic days and drew 218,000 fans. Take away that Giants game and you've got an average of 20,713. His final outing, in Pittsburgh against something called the Barney Dreyfuss All-Stars, attracted a meager 5,000 fans, which was about the NFL average in those days.

The next year Grange jumped to the New York Yankees of the new American

Football League. The NFL bulked up to 22 teams. Twelve of them died after the season. Four AFL teams went under before their schedules were completed. The rest of the league followed at the conclusion of the season. Almost everyone lost money. So much for the savior.

Joe Namath didn't save the latter-day AFL when he signed his \$427,000 contract with the Jets in 1965. A year before that the league had made a five-year, \$36 million NBC-TV deal that ensured its survival. Namath raised the salary structure throughout pro football and he put more people in the stands, but with or without him the AFL would have

made it. The World Football League failed to last even one season after Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield came to play.

Then there's the case of the Cosmos in the NASL. The theory was to pack the world-renowned soccer superstars into the league's keynote franchise, backed up by its wealthiest owners, Warner Communications, Pelé, Franz Beckenbauer, Giorgio Chinaglia—they all came for the big bucks—and the fans came too, for a while. The Cosmos had the big attendance numbers, while the rest of the league lagged behind. The NASL is now barely hanging on.



At Walker's first USFL practice, Fairbanks gave him a general intro to the offense.



A two-class system in pro sports, especially in football, where hogs must clear the way so that racehorses may gallop, has always been a tricky concept. Now we have it in the extreme—Herschel Walker and his multimillion-dollar pocket and a bunch of defensive backs with tape on their arms—and that's a major dilemma facing the new league.

The USFL is 18th-century France before the revolution. There are the Bourbons and the masses, and not much in between. And maybe there's a guillotine at the end. Maybe when all those \$20,000- and \$30,000-a-year guards and tackles and cornerbacks who have been sweating through their two-a-day workouts on \$5-a-day expense money realize that they've been had, that the league's early pronouncements about how it was building from the ground up and avoiding the high-priced-star route was so much nonsense, there will be a great uprising.

The big packages for Walker and the likes of rookies Tim Spencer, Trumaine Johnson, Craig James, Kelvin Bryant, Reggie Collier and Anthony Carter have shown low-paid players that the money was there all along, enough for a few guys to get salaries bigger than anything the NFL, with its \$2 billion television contract, was likely to have come up with. Don't forget that most of those USFL contracts are guaranteed, too, another concept the NFL has drifted away from.

There isn't much that the players who make up the bulk of the USFL's work force can do now except gnash their teeth and cast envious eyes. They're already locked into contracts, pinned down to minuscule numbers by the league's original prospectus—regional appeal through territorial player rights, boundless enthusiasm generated by underpriced field hands eager to prove that you don't need a big paycheck to knock someone on his behind, and all the rest of the p.r. baloney.

But next year, when those one-year contracts expire, that's when the fun will start. Or as Dwight Sullivan, Walker's blocking back on the Generals, says, "Right now I'm a \$30,000 player. Next year I'll be worth \$60,000."

"That's in the future; the point is that so far they've done everything right," says a former WFL official who went down with the ship in '75, when the league collapsed before finishing its second season. "Just look at what they have that we didn't have.



Duncan (left) made a five-star money offer, which Manton later tried to top in the NFL.

"They've got the big cities and the big stadiums. We had places like Shreveport. They've got big-name college stars, and they've got the biggest one night where they want him—in New York. They've got a two-year national TV contract, which gives them instant exposure

every 20 minutes, such as their rule against signing college underclassmen."

Many schools are already saying they'll shut their doors to USFL scouts, despite Commissioner Chet Simmons' constant drumbeat that the Walker signing was a "special case" and his reiteration that now the rule against signing underclassmen is back in effect. There will be no more testing or timing or measuring of prospects. No more vertical jumps for USFL tape measures.

How important is all this? "Damn important," says the New England Patriots' director of player development, Dick Steinberg. "This year a lot of USFL people were fresh from the NFL and they took their syndicate scouting books with them. Now you can bet that security is going to be a lot tighter in the NFL. Very few people are going to have access to our information."

Well, yes, but does anyone really doubt that George Allen of the Chicago Blitz will find a way to get hold of the Bison and United syndicate books next year? No.

National TV will be around for at least two years, guaranteeing each USFL club \$121 million per season, but then what? It's a tricky business, tying your hopes to the whims of TV, which kills a new series every 20 minutes. "They have to have the live gate," Jim Finks, Chicago Bears general manager, says. "You don't make it as a studio show in this business. Nothing looks worse than a game played before empty stands."



Simmons called Walker an "exception."

They've got some big-name coaches. Balance that off against the most pressing question: How many people will watch a football game in the spring?"

Hold on a minute. How about the credibility factor—the lies, the double-talk, the hylaws the USFL guys break ev-

continued

The latest USFL figures show an average season-ticket sale of 17,000. Some clubs have sold fewer than 10,000. The Generals say they sold 6,900 season tickets in the 72 hours after Walker's signing, but Walker can play in only one stadium at a time. How many people are going to watch a late-season game between the Boston Breakers and the Arizona Wranglers? Pete Hadhazy, the USFL's director of operations, set the break-even attendance figure at 30,000 to 35,000.

How strong is the USFL's ownership? How many years of losses can it take? "Plenty," says Simmons. "I'll match our ownership against the NFL's any day." There are some fancy pedigrees: real estate millionaires, a cardiovascular surgeon, a noted judge, a former ambassador to Switzerland. According to one league official, Michigan Panthers owner A. Alfred Taubman is "the richest man in the state and one of the richest in the country." How about oil magnate J. Walter Duncan Jr., who signed Walker? "He's got \$300 million—above ground," says a USFL source. Of course, the WFL had a few of those, too, but when they had to come up with some ready cash, rather than sell off a few assets they crumbled.

Then there's the matter of the commissioner's office. It began with something the WFL never had, instant credibility. The WFL's Gary Davidson was suspect from the start. He sold some of the franchises for \$200,000 or whatever the traffic would bear. Others he gave to his friends for free. There was always the air of a hustler about him. Simmons, a former TV exec, had no such shortcomings. His knowledge of running a football league was minimal, but at least people liked him. He was straight. There were some nice little concepts in the USFL, like the money the league would give a kid to finish his college education. The USFL was like a baby alligator you bring home as a pet, a cute little thing that wriggles in your hand. But as it grows it's another matter.

Now the USFL has lost that friendly image, at least to people who are bothered by things like lies. The commissioner's office has become a joke. Rule: Salary structures will be held to \$1.6 million per club. Then the big-money signings

began—Spencer, James, Collier. New Rule: \$1.6 million per club, but you can shell out for two higher-priced players. More big packages. Newer Rule: Do what you want, but keep it reasonable.

Rule: We won't touch underclassmen. Then Herschel signs. New Rule: We won't touch any more of them, honest.

Simmons said the fear of a lawsuit pushed the league into the Walker sign-

them, Philadelphia Stars General Manager Carl Peterson, is disturbed about the league's handling of the Walker incident. "I have very mixed emotions about it," says Peterson, the chairman of the USFL's College-Pro Relations Committee. "College coaches have been our lifeblood. I'm not excited about trying to defend our position with these guys."

Last year Walker's attorney, Jack Mantion, hinted at a legal challenge against the NFL prohibition on signing underdogs, and nothing came of it. The NFL was—and is—sticking by its policy of keeping away from them. "If we have to take a lawsuit, then we'll take it," Pete Rozelle said. The reason no one ever sued is that a football player wants to play football. He isn't about to spend two of the most important years of his career in a courtroom.

"I looked into challenging the system after my junior year," SML Tailback Eric Dickerson said. "The lawyers tell you court settlements could take three years, and by that time you're out of college anyway."

Simmons' credibility has evaporated, and the feeling among many NFL people is that he's merely a figurehead, that the real power in the USFL is wielded by Chuck Fairbanks, the Generals' president, coach and part owner. "Around our place we call him the commissioner," Finks says. "George Allen is deputy commissioner and [Oakland Invader Coach] John Ralston is the secretary."

"Just look at their Competition Committee," another NFL official says. "Chuck is the chairman. Three of the other six people on it worked for Chuck in New England—Pete Hadhazy, who was his assistant general manager, Denver Gold Coach Red Miller, who was Chuck's line coach, and the Boston Breakers' part owner, Randy Vataha, who played for Chuck. Chuck orchestrated this whole Walker thing. Why else do you think he stayed so far in the background?"

What a nice scenario has emerged from the Walker signing. Herschel says he might well have been ineligible for college football—because of earlier contacts with pro teams—long before he signed his first Generals contract, the one he tried to disown. The day following



With Johnson, the Blitz should be able to bomb

ing, and he isn't worried about the Marcus Dupree and Mike Rozier of this world storming the gates, because "Herschel was a special case. He was ready to play pro football. He had the maturity." Which would be one swell defense in court. "Your Honor, we are prepared to prove Herschel Walker is more mature than Mike Rozier."

Many of the USFL's own people don't buy this nonsense, and at least one of

## THESE PICKS WON'T BE AROUND FOR THE PICKING

*How badly did the USFL hurt the National Football League draft? Substantially as the first round, according to a cross-section of NFL scouts. Much less so after that. Here are the 15 top rookies signed by the USFL and their projected draft status in the NFL (Herschel Walker, ineligible for this year's draft, would have been a sure No. 1 in '84):*

<b>FIRST ROUND:</b>	Kelvin Bryant, RB, North Carolina (Philadelphia Stars) Trumaine Johnson, WR, Grambling (Chicago Blitz) Reggie Collier, QB, Southern Mississippi (Birmingham Stallions) Tim Spencer, RB, Ohio State (Chicago Blitz) Anthony Carter, WR, Michigan (Michigan Panthers) Craig James, RB, SMU (Washington Federals)
<b>SECOND ROUND:</b>	David Greenwood, DB, Wisconsin (Michigan Panthers) Irv Ertman, T, UCLA (Philadelphia Stars) Mark Keel, TE, Arizona (Arizona Wranglers) Frank Minnifield, DB, Louisville (Chicago Blitz)
<b>THIRD ROUND:</b>	Tom Ramsey, QB, UCLA (Los Angeles Express) Bart Oates, C, Brigham Young (Philadelphia Stars)
<b>FOURTH ROUND:</b>	Bobby Hebert, QB, Northwest Louisiana (Michigan Panthers)
<b>FIFTH ROUND:</b>	Roger Jackson, DB, Penn State (Philadelphia Stars)
<b>SIXTH ROUND:</b>	Ken Lacy, RB, Tulsa (Michigan Panthers)

that first signing, the USFL says, its legal counsel, Steve Ehrhart, told Georgia Assistant Coach Mike Cavan that Walker had indeed signed. This happened right after Walker's Feb. 18 press conference, at which he and his coach, Vince Dooley, had denied there had been any ink on paper. Dooley says Cavan told him nothing about it, presumably because he didn't believe it. The NCAA, which will investigate everything from an illegal sweat suit to an extra campus visit, stonewalled. The USFL panicked. Was their prize catch going to wriggle off the hook? So on Feb. 21 Ehrhart showed Cavan the actual document, to get the hook more firmly planted. Dooley says it was not until the following day, four days after Cavan had first received word of Walker's signing, that Cavan told him about it. Meanwhile, Manton—who had placed Walker with the team he wanted, at the price he wanted; who'd shaken hands with that nice old Mr. Duncan and assured him that Herschel would make him proud to have him on his team—had one more piece of business left. He tried to sell Walker to the NFL. "He called on Tuesday night [Feb. 22] and then once again an hour or two before the signing on Wednesday,"

NFL attorney Jay Moyer says. "When we told him we weren't changing our rules he said, 'O.K., see you in three years. You can count on it.' That was the last phrase, 'You can count on it.'"

Well, time cures many things, and the first time Herschel rushes for 200 yards in the USFL people will start forgetting how he came into the league. "We ran Herschel out of the I formation and the pro set and the slot, and he did everything perfectly," the Generals' backfield

coach, Mike Stock, said after Walker's first practice, last Saturday afternoon. "He picks things up fast."

Three of the Generals' offensive linemen, Center Kent Hull, Right Guard Wayne Harris and Left Tackle Bryan Millard, are rookies whom the NFL scouts liked for their run-blocking potential. Sullivan, a 5' 10", 210-pounder who was drafted by the Cowboys in the eighth round out of North Carolina State last year, spent his last college season as an I formation blocking back. Quarterback Bobby Scott is an 11-year NFL veteran who won't let his ego get in the way of 40 handoffs a game.

Fairbanks has predicted a brief appearance for Walker against the Los Angeles Express on national TV this Sunday, but that statement was probably for L.A.'s benefit. "Herschel will carry 25 times and I'll carry 10," says Sullivan.

The opening game that had loomed as the best on the board BW (Before Walker) was Allen's return to Washington—the Blitz against the Federals. League officials are worried about the possibility of a Blitz blowout, which doesn't bother Allen in the slightest. The Blitz and the Generals are the USFL powers, but blowout football is not what will send the fans to their wallets or TV sets in the springtime.

Elsewhere? The Michigan Panthers are an interesting team, if only because they have the multitalented Carter. The Philly Stars have Kelvin Bryant. The Denver Gold is the league's anomaly—poor signing record and few name players but 30,000-plus season tickets. The

Boston Breakers, with the league's smallest stadium, Nickerson Field, capacity 20,000, look like the league's poor boys. As for Washington, L.A., Oakland, Arizona, the Birmingham Stallions and Tampa Bay Bandits, only time will tell.

How will Walker do in the USFL? Just fine. How much is he really worth? "I guess we won't know," says Philly Wide Receiver Rodney Parker, "until somebody hits him and we see how many thousand-dollar bills fall out of his pants."

Will the USFL survive? Maybe, but only if it can overcome the Rites of Spring.

END



At least at quarterback, the Stallions have a true thoroughbred in Collier.



Unloved in Detroit after his role in the NFL strike, cerebral Linebacker Stan White jumped to greener pastures with George Allen's Chicago Blitz by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

## The Odd Man Out Is In

In an operating room at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, the star player is watching his boss go to work. In a few hours Stan White, a linebacker who jumped from the Detroit Lions to the USFL's Chicago Blitz after 11 seasons in the NFL, will be at work himself on the practice field. But now it's 6 a.m., and the Blitz' principal owner, Dr. Edward Diethrich, a cardiovascular surgeon and founder of the Arizona Heart Institute, is about to perform a triple bypass operation. Dressed in a green hospital gown, the 6'1", 223 lb. White looks like an oversized orderly who is doubling as a bouncer at the OR door. In effect, he is getting a sneak preview of a performance that Diethrich will give before a national TV audience a few weeks later, on Feb. 23, when he will perform the first open-heart surgery shown live on television.

Having an owner who is also a surgeon does not strike White as particularly strange, because he himself is a man of disparate vocations. Off field he is an attorney—*magna cum laude* from the University of Baltimore's law school—who has chosen to specialize in corporate law. If there's an overlap in his two professions, it was evident during the NFL players' strike last fall when White, the Lions' player rep, was a prime mover and shaker—so much so that he's now regarded as Ed Garvey's most likely successor as union leader. He subsequently became the only NFL starter to join the new league.

Diethrich begins, and White, as intent as the atmosphere is intense, says softly, "He can't be like me. He can't say, 'Hey, don't worry, I'll get him next time.'" Diethrich works on, occasionally stop-

continued



White's guarantee of \$200,000 for three years has him smiling even in workouts.



Allen will defer to White when it comes to calling adjustments in the Chicago defenses.

**STAN WHITE** *continued*

ping to explain what he's doing. "See how the heart is beating," he says, holding it up for better viewing. "and now see how it stops."

White gulps and says, only half in jest, "Let me get down in a more stable position in case my knees get weak."

But then curiosity gets the better of squeamishness. "This is something that really means something," he whispers. "He has life and death in his fingers. Life is so delicate."

A few minutes later White asks another onlooker, "Would you say that heart is pretty big?"

"Yeah, I'd say so."

"Then it's not the heart of an NFL owner," he cracks. White is still bitter about the strike and dissatisfied with the settlement. He argues that the salary structures in the NFL are stacked against the players, keeping them "underpaid at the beginning of their careers and overpaid at the end."

An hour passes.

"Look at how that heart fits in that cavity," observes White. "God really had a better idea." There are complications in the operation, but Diethrich apparently gets them under control. There's speculation as to when the surgeon will be able to leave the operating room. Says White, "I don't think you come out of the game in the fourth quarter when you're only just a touchdown ahead." Diethrich stays.

During a break he comes over and explains the problems, adding, "It was kind of like making sure the wide receiver doesn't get behind the safety. You don't want that to happen, ever."

When the operation is over, White feels both drained and elated. "Seeing something like that," he says, "will make football seem easy."

It's too early to make comparisons between the NFL and USFL, aside from some obvious differences in talent, but there do seem to be fewer barriers and more camaraderie in

the new league, as the operating-room scene illustrates. You for me and me for you. Among the key personalities on the Chicago Blitz—its best-known player, its better-known coach and even its owner—there's the understanding that this endeavor represents not just another chance for them in sports, but most likely a last chance.

Blitz Coach (and minority owner) George Allen has been, however much he denies it, frozen out of the NFL since 1977. White's union activities marked him as an undesirable, and his future as a player with the Lions was uncertain. For years Diethrich had tried unsuccessfully to get an NFL franchise. Add to that a whole raft of football players—the Blitz alone looked at more than 3,200—certain they could play wondrously if only somebody would give them a fair chance. Thus, there's a great incentive for cooperation. Indeed, Allen says that if the USFL should fail, it would mark the final effort at establishing a rival pro league. Says White, "In the NFL, the pie is there and everybody is fighting over the pieces. Here, we have to create the pie. There's going to be a players' union, but it has got to be completely cooperative. It's no good to have a union without the league."

White's hopes for the USFL? "Professional credibility and long life," he says as he juggles an orange in his hotel room. "This is like an NFL camp before all the veterans get in. So, the only thing we're missing is the buildup of veterans. We may be comparable to one or two of the NFL teams already, and I know we're as good as most NFL teams at the skill positions. I've been fighting against the NFL so long. Now I can really compete against them." He sighs, happily.

Ever since White agreed to terms with the Blitz on Jan. 12, the Lions have gone out of their way to say that he didn't fit into their plans for 1983. Coach Monte Clark is said to be relieved that White left because he thinks the 33-year-old line-backer is washed up. Clark, say Lions sources, probably would have been unable to cut White next year because it would have looked like vindictiveness against an executive committee member of the NFL players' association.

Citing White's long career (eight years with the Colts before being traded to Detroit in 1980), one Lion official says, "Tell me again, how many Pro Bowls has



Diethrich explains to White how an implantable heart valve works.

Stan been is?" The answer is none. Yet, he was the Lions' defensive MVP in 1981, when Detroit was first in the league against the rush. He holds the NFL record for linebacker interceptions in one season—eight, in 1975—and he's second in career interceptions (34). In 11 years he missed only four games to injuries. Maxie Baughan, one of Allen's superb linebackers of the past and until recently the defensive coordinator for the Lions, says, "Stan White is as heady a player as ever played the game. People say he doesn't have the size or speed, but they overlook the productivity. To get 34 interceptions, well, you can't just be lucky that many times."

Adds Lion Quarterback Gary Danielson, "I'm sure the franchise won't close down without him, but Stan's the type who always makes the 10 other guys play better. If you play with Stan, it helps your career." But the strike seemed to damage Detroit more than any other team in the NFL—the Lions had started with a 2-0 record but then won only two more games afterward. The bottom line is that the outspoken and contentious White could never be forgiven for his fierce union activism.

Enter Allen, who has made a habit of acquiring established and intelligent linebackers as soon as he takes over a coaching job. When Allen came to the Rams in 1966 he brought in the veteran Bill George from the Bears. When he went to the Redskins in 1971, he immediately arranged a blockbuster trade with his old team that gave him three linebackers, Jack Pardee, Myron Pottius and Baughan. Allen's veteran linebackers act as on-field coaches for his complicated defenses. Thus White was ideal—"like a first-round pick," Allen boasts.

It turns out that Allen and White have much in common. Both are advocates of clean living as a test of character. Both are excessively fond of film watching. Their happiest moments are when they reward the movie projector to watch a play one more time. At a defensive meeting not long ago, Allen was changing film when he said to White, "Stan, we have a chance to have a heckuva defense." Linebacker Coach Joe Haernig chimed in, "We're an offensive defense." And White explained, "The idea of our defense is to take away what the other team does best and make them beat us with what they don't do best."

White was the only player in the NFL in recent years to call all defenses on the field, a task he will assume for the Blitz. Allen doesn't like to make calls from the sideline because he thinks it seriously blunts the effectiveness of his famed 4-3 defense (vs. the 3-4 most other teams now use). White has to know 100 possible defensive audibles, and Allen confesses, "We have to be careful we don't become too smart and try to do too much."

When it's suggested that nobody else wanted White, Allen says, "That doesn't bother me. I wanted Stan." Then, in a rhythmic and practiced litany, he ticks off the names of the old or troublesome or unwanted players who starred for him—Roy Jefferson, Ron McDole, Ken Houston, Billy Kalmer, Pottius, Pardee, on and on. "If it's the right type of old guy," says Allen, "he appreciates it whenever someone still thinks he can contribute."

For a player to have been a union activist is actually an asset on Allen's checklist. At one time at Washington, he thinks he may have had 23 who were or had been player reps. Sitting around the hotel pool in Phoenix in a rare moment of relaxation, Allen says slyly, "It just seems every time I talk about trades, the player reps are the ones available. They can all play football, they have a good attitude, they are dedicated to winning and they have leadership. I think Detroit is going to miss Stan."

Allen himself seems mellowed, as if caught up in the new spirit of cooperation. When he invited a writer for lunch the other day, he said with a laugh, "This is a first for me." Indeed, in the NFL it had always been Allen and his Team vs. the World. He even invited the writer to team meetings. "I'm just glad I can

change," says Allen. On the practice field he no longer holds a stopwatch to time every punt snap; he doesn't bother clocking the hang time. He implies he has been reborn in the USFL, saying, "It's good to start over and scrape." Yet, in calling this his toughest job ever, Allen insists he can improve his already stellar pro record of 116-47-5, fourth-best in NFL history



White was named the most valuable Lion defender in 1981.

Allen long ago retired the trophy for spending an owner's money, which is a major reason he became *persona non grata* in the NFL. Diethrich claims he's not concerned. "He's a perfectionist. I'm a perfectionist," the doc says. However, when Allen told Diethrich he planned to bring 110 players to camp in Phoenix, Diethrich said, "Cut that to 85, Coach. Let's do some pre-screening." The largest salary on the Blitz is White's—reportedly \$200,000 annually on a three-year contract. With Detroit last year he would

*continued*



When he isn't hitting opposing runners, attorney White stays busy hitting the books.

#### STAN WHITE continued

have earned \$140,000 had there been no strike. White is at last getting what he feels he deserves.

Born in Dover, Ohio but raised in Kent, White is the son of former professional bowler Bill White. (His father passed along those skills; Stan averages 200 on the lanes and twice won the NFL bowling tournament.) When Stan was 10, a kidney disease hospitalized him for nine weeks and kept him at home for six months. "First, the doctors told my parents I was going to die," he says, "then they said I was real lucky, but that I'd never play sports again."

In high school White became the first and only Ohio schoolboy to play in state all-star games in three sports—football, basketball and baseball. His grades were excellent. Colleges from across the land recruited him, including some from the Ivy League, but Woody Hayes lured him to Ohio State. His fellow student and future wife, Patty Welsh (they have two daughters, Amanda, 7, and Meghan, 4) checked student IDs in the campus food line. "It was always good to be friendly with the girl who worked there," says White, "because she could get you an extra dinner." However, he adds with a smile, Patty did not agree to marry him until he was assured of a job in the NFL.

At Ohio State, White was already becoming something of a headache as a football player. Because he wanted

White to work harder and live up to his potential, Hayes reminded him continually, "You're not staying the same. You're either getting better or getting worse." White seemed intent on going in the latter direction—he bounced from position to position until, when White was a junior, Defensive Coordinator Lou McCullough tried him at linebacker as a last shot.

McCullough, now athletic director at Iowa State, told Stan that he was too good not to be a starter. "If you ever play yourself down to second team," McCullough warned, "just go on home." Then McCullough set about teaching White how to play linebacker, including emphasis on "how to make a punishing tackle by running right through 'em." White caught on. Subsequently, McCullough gave the linebackers a test of 220 questions, covering not only what they were supposed to do on each play, but what everyone else was supposed to do. White made a place for himself in the lore of Ohio State when he answered all 220 correctly.

Chosen as a 17th-round draft pick in 1972—meaning that 437 college seniors were judged better by the pros—White was so humiliated that he sat in his dormitory closet for an entire day after the draft. But by the beginning of his second year at Baltimore, he was a starter. Seven years later the Colts got precious little for him—an eighth-round draft pick—when they sent him to Detroit, a trade that was

made, surprise, the year after he became the Colt player rep. In the meantime he had acquired a law degree by going to school at night, graduating sixth in his class of more than 200.

White has never felt appreciated until now. "The problem in the NFL," he says, "is that the owners look at their success as a tribute to their management. They consider the players interchangeable. Here they realize how important the players are. There's more of a symbiotic relationship than in the NFL. There are a lot of players who will come to this league, where relationships are better."

When White tells the younger players on the Blitz to do something, he also explains why. "Get wider on that coverage," he shouts. "See, you've got help on the inside." As much as they respect his leadership, though, his teammates aren't afraid to get on him. "Hey, Stan," one yelled, after White was delayed in getting to practice by a photo session. "Are you late or are we all early?"

White often sits out the drills to observe, a luxury he can afford because he's still in shape from the NFL season and because he doesn't have to prove anything to Allen. Standing alongside the parched practice field at Glendale Community College, White says he believes that "the older you get, the better you are. But I also know the quickest way to get into trouble is to think I can just walk through this new league. That's not true. Look at these young players. They're bigger, faster and stronger than I am. So I have to use my experience and the abilities I have left to keep my job. Fortunately, it's not just a physical game."

Now he wanders over and stands next to Allen. They converse frequently, Allen explaining how some technical aspect of the game was handled when he was at Washington and then asking White how it was done in Detroit. Both squint against the desert sun, a matched pair. White points at a young player and says, "He's very tentative, waiting for something to happen. Most of them are."

Meanwhile, Diethrich is saying, "Stan can advise us. We've all got to work together, and he can make the difference. We need to prove ourselves this first year because if we are a first-year failure, there will be no second-year success." Which is to say, like a critical bypass operation, the USFL has got to get it right the first time.



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# This Coach Is First Class

The winner of five Grey Cups in Canada, Hugh Campbell should put the Express on the right track

by E. M. SWIFT

It is Valentine's Day, and 70 men in full equipment are practicing football in Los Angeles. The team is the Express, and fittingly enough, the field is hard by the freeway, eight elevated lanes of unrelenting traffic and noise. In the middle of the field, which smells faintly of exhaust, stands a tall, thin man, hatless, his arms folded across his stomach. He's Hugh Campbell, coach of the USFL's entry from L.A. Campbell looks out of place, as if he'd wandered by mistake into the center of the defensive secondary. His unkempt hair falls straight forward in bangs. His blue sweat suit seems sloppy and oversized. He's squinting. When he moves, it's not with the crisp carriage that one generally associates with a football coach, but with a sort of shuffling slide. As he passes an acquaintance who's standing on the sidelines, Campbell tosses over half a roll of wintergreen Life Savers. "That'll get the enchiladas out of your mouth," he



**LA EXPRESS**



Campbell looks windblown even when he's at a stop.

says, referring to a Mexican lunch they shared a couple of hours before, and then shambles off toward another part of the field. There's a hint of a smile on his face. Never more than a hint, though.

This seemingly undistinguished figure is one of the most successful coaches in the game. Before coming to L.A., the 41-year-old Campbell, in only six seasons in the Canadian Football League, had taken the Edmonton Eskimos to six Grey Cups, winning the last five—an unprecedented string. During that time he amassed an overall record of 81-22-5 (.773). By comparison, Tom Landry of Dallas and Don Shula of Miami, the top two NFL coaches, are .747 and .661 over the last six seasons.

But more remarkable than what Campbell did is how he did it: with an unorthodox, laid-back style, the guiding principle of which seems to be that football players are people—adults, even. His coaching innovations haven't been in the realm of fancy plays and formations, but in the treatment of his players. He doesn't impose curfews, fines or celibacy the night before a game. He gives no inspirational pregame talks. "To be honest, I don't know how much he knows about football," says Eskimos Wide Receiver Brian Kelly. "His job up here was more orchestrating personalities. We talked about a million different things on the practice field, but I can't remember ever talking to him about football. He was smart enough to hire good assistants, and they did the football talk for him."

"Nobody has figured out how he accomplished what he did," says Cam Cole, a writer for the *Edmonton Journal*, who covered the Eskimos during the Campbell era. "He did very little coaching at practices, leaving that to his assistants. He stood in the middle of the field with that dazed look, squinting."

Some U.S. fans may remember Campbell from his pass-catching days at Washington State. Between 1960 and '62, he set Pac-8 records with 176

receptions for 2,452 yards and 23 touchdowns. His sophomore season remains one of the finest an NCAA receiver has ever had—66 catches, 881 yards and 10 TDs. Those stats are made even more remarkable by the fact that Campbell started the season as a third stringer and didn't play in the Cougars' first game.

He got his first taste of coaching that season when the Cougars' coach, Jim Sutherland, who had nearly cut Campbell the previous spring, began turning to his unexpected star receiver for offensive plays in certain situations. Sutherland would shuttle in a player from the sideline to tell his startled quarterback: "Let Campbell call it." The first time that happened, Campbell, not wanting to seem selfish, suggested a running play. It didn't work. "I didn't send a guy all the way in there because I wanted you to call a running play," Sutherland told Campbell. Thereafter he called passes to himself. Says Campbell now, "I don't know how the assistant coaches stood for it—much less the other players."

Still, the experience left its mark, because Campbell the coach allows his quarterbacks to call their own plays and his receivers to do a bit of free-lancing on their routes. "The head coach's job is to let everybody else show their talents," Campbell says. "If you have great players you have to let them have the freedom to make decisions."

After being dropped by the 49ers, who had drafted him in the fourth round, Campbell went to the CFL, where he starred for six seasons as a receiver for the Saskatchewan Roughriders. He was all-league twice, helped his team win the Grey Cup in 1966 and had career totals of 321 catches for 5,425 yards and 70 touchdowns. "I'm not sure I exactly ran a 4.4," Campbell recalls, "but I had competitive speed, which means I could run faster when someone was chasing me than I could against a stopwatch."

In 1970, at 28, Campbell got his first coaching job, at Whitworth College (enrollment then: 1,500), an NAIA Division II school in Spokane that had won only two games in two years. In the next seven seasons Campbell turned the program around, winning two Northwest Confer-

ence championships and twice being voted coach of the year in his district. During summers he was invited to several CFL training camps to work as a "guest coach," which eventually led to offers in 1977 from Edmonton and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, dazzling coaching opportunities for a man whose career record at the time was 34-30. He chose Edmonton over Hamilton because it was farther west.

"The key thing about Hugh is that he was hired for the type of person he is rather than the type of coach he is," says Allan Watt, media relations director for the Eskimos. "You know how when he walks he kind of slides and glides? That's exactly the way his personality is. When he walks into the dressing room before the biggest game of the year, when the atmosphere is so thick you can cut it into little boxes, he'll say something like: 'Well, men, the other team showed up so I guess we better go out there.' He actually said that once."

"We never had a pregame talk," says Kelly, who, like Campbell, attended Washington State. "The bus leaves at two. Be there." That was his pregame talk. Even when we were behind 21-0 at halftime two years ago in the Grey Cup I

don't remember him saying anything. I think he asked our captain to give a talk. Then Coach Campbell said something like, 'Don't trip going out the door.'"

Asked about his pep talks, that hint of a smile appears on Campbell's face and he says, "I think I give good ones, but according to my players I don't." Then he adds, "Motivation should be more of a constant thing than something you turn on and off."

"There just isn't any of the awe or mystique about him that you associate with other great football coaches," says Watt. "Everybody in Edmonton recognized him, but very few bothered him for autographs. He's just a down-home farm boy at heart. His idea of a big night is to have some chili at home with his wife and go for a bike ride."

"I don't think he's that unique compared with the total population of adult males," Kelly adds, "but he's unique compared with the segment of the population that comprises football coaches. When my wife went into labor we were supposed to leave for a game, but she hadn't delivered. I called to tell Coach Campbell and he said, 'Stay as long as you have to. Don't miss the birth of the baby.'"

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"A lot of players in the CFL hold jobs on the side, and if a guy, say, couldn't make a practice at two, Coach Campbell would reschedule it for 2:30. He always had his priorities in perspective. The thing I like most about him is that he was a great receiver in his time—he still holds some conference records—but he never once told me how to catch a pass or how to run a pattern, even after I'd blown one. He let me do it my way. It was so weird. I really, really enjoyed that. Most coaches try to run every little aspect of your

so he makes the decision when to go to bed, and what generally happens is he appreciates the freedom so much he wants to make it work. It never occurred to me before last year's Grey Cup to tell the players to stay off the streets. I'm of the school that thinks the athlete wants to win as much as I do. When I was at Whitworth they told me I didn't have a professional style. They said that I wasn't mean enough. But in Edmonton the players seemed to respond well to that same philosophy—that your family comes

an organization from scratch. The key is I'm not trying to get anywhere. I'm going to do it my way, and if that doesn't work I'm going to go somewhere else."

Campbell left Edmonton in style, winning his last 10 games and his fifth Grey Cup on Nov. 28. One week later he was working 14-hour days for the Express. Campbell was given almost total control over the staffing of his new team. He spent December shuttling back and forth between Edmonton and L.A. He hired six assistant coaches, as well as secretaries, trainers, equipment managers and film crews. He even interviewed a couple of chaplains who wanted to give the invocation before games.

More than 300 players tried out for the Express during two sessions in January. The majority had been cut at one time or another from an NFL camp, and about 60 were straight out of college. A few, like Anthony Davis and Chuck Foreman, had been to the top and were looking for a year or two of twilight. Instead, Foreman quickly got his walking papers, and as of last week Davis was listed as the No. 5 running back on the Express depth chart, indicating that the USFL is at least good enough that it need not suffer NFL retreads.

The first tryout, which involved some 100 players, was for California residents; the second, for out-of-staters. Both were rodeos. The overcrowding was exacerbated by a stream of walk-ons who kept asking Campbell to take a look-see. One uninvited hopeful stood around for a whole day, his tennis shoes hanging over his shoulders. That night the coaching staff cut about 30 players, and the next day the same fellow returned. He asked Campbell to time him in the 40, because there weren't as many people left. "I told him that's what we're trying to do, eliminate guys," Campbell remembers. "So he says, 'I can run a 4.4.' 'Are you sure?' I said. 'Not one guy in a hundred can.' So I told him if he could run a 4.4, then he could try out for our football team, but if he couldn't, he'd have to leave then and there. A lot of guys had overheard the conversation, and, by God, when the guy ran one, they all burst out clapping."

That guy was one of 177 who appeared at the final camp, although he was an early cut. The task of getting the Express down to a workable number was further complicated by bad weather, which turned the team's practice field at Aviation High School into a quagmire. (The

life. He treated everybody like an adult."

One of the least enjoyable experiences in pro football, players agree, is training camp, when veterans and rookies alike move out of their homes and into a dormitory or motel where they will eat, sleep and think football for three weeks. Campbell doesn't believe in that and allows his players to stay at home if they prefer. "I personally sleep better at home than in a hotel," he says. "Even when we were going to play in the Grey Cup, we'd take the wives along and put them up in a separate hotel where the fans were, so if the wives wanted to party they could do so without disturbing the players. If the wives and husbands wanted to cross over, that was fine, too. I've never had a curfew."

"You put the responsibility on the guy

first, that playing football isn't everything in life."

After the Eskimos won their fourth straight Grey Cup in 1981, Campbell decided that remaining in Edmonton was a no-win situation—there was nothing left to prove and the only way he could go was down—so he sought a change. He'd been approached by several NFL clubs—St. Louis, for one—but he'd never pursued the offers, because he didn't care for either the location of the team or its ownership. He trusted on staying in the West. "People operate under the assumption that the NFL is the ultimate place to be for a football coach," Campbell says, "but if I'd just wanted to go to the NFL, I've reason to believe that I'd be there now. The appeal of the Los Angeles Express was the opportunity to start

Express' official practice site, formerly the La Marina Elementary School near Polliwog Park, has been unavailable. It's being resodded and also seems to be under siege by a large flock of sea gulls. Hughes Aircraft came to the rescue by offering the team its company recreation field, which was designed more for picnics than for football. While L.A. management looked for a more suitable field, Hughes discovered just how distracting 177 men in cleats could be to its workers. The Express then moved on to the Lawndale High field, the one in the shadow of the San Diego Freeway.

Campbell's first coup as a negotiator was to sign Quarterback Tom Ramsey, who at UCLA was the NCAA leader in passing efficiency last season (153.5), completing 209 of 336 (622) for 2,986 yards and 21 touchdowns.

Although the median salary in the USFL is around \$40,000, Ramsey's contract is believed to be worth considerably more. Campbell also has control of that end of the operations, working within a budget, and one of his stipulations has been that there be no incentive clauses for extra performance. "Say you get around the five-yard line and you have a quarterback who gets a bonus for touchdown passes and a running back who gets one for touchdown runs—what's going through everyone's mind?" Campbell says. "We had one guy in here who asked for \$1,000 if he led the league in interceptions. I said, 'I'll give it to you right now. You don't have to lead the league in anything.'"

"People ask if we're going to be any good. Good is relative. To what? I'm working on the theory that it's more important to have good people than to have outstanding individuals. The key ingredient on a team is character and leadership. If you just picked the 40 best players, who's to say which direction the personality of the team will go? What I'm hoping to do is make Eskimos of these guys. I don't know what to call them but Eskimos. Basically what I mean is a group that can come from behind, that can stay ahead, that can play as a team in any sort of circumstances."

And circumstances couldn't be any tougher for Campbell and his new "Eskimos" when they open the season at home this Sunday. The opponent: the New Jersey Generals. And at running back, No. 34, Herschel Walker.

Welcome back to the U.S., Hugh. **END**



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by Clive Gammon

**A** colorful spectacle is in prospect at Seattle's Kingdome on April 23, the first day of play in the NASL. The visiting team will run out in red and white shirts, horizontally hooped like rugby jerseys, and blue shorts with white stars along the side seams. "Tip a player sideways and what have you got?" an ebullient Beau Rogers, the general manager of that visiting team, asked last week. He answered himself triumphantly, if inaccurately: "An American flag!"

The stars and stripes constitute a fitting uniform indeed for Team America, the latest and boldest attempt by the NASL to accomplish two things: 1) get professional soccer back on its feet in the U.S. and 2) somehow make the U.S. a serious contender at the world level.

The U.S. regularly fields soccer teams in international competition—in the Olympics and the World Cup, for instance. But they have always been patchwork sides, with players drawn from here and there, without cohesion and with little time to practice together. And almost always these teams have lost early in whatever tournament they happened to be participating in.

Last summer Phil Woosnam, the NASL commissioner, conceived the idea of a team composed entirely of Americans that would play the season as a regular NASL franchise but would also constitute the U.S. national side when it came to international competitions. Spruced up and solemn, the nucleus of that team appeared at a press conference in Washington, D.C. last week; Team America will play its home games at RFK Stadium there. "Good-looking American boys, aren't they?" Coach Alkis Panagoulas asked proudly.

But there had been an uncomfortable gestation period. Where would the players come from? How would they be paid? Woosnam first passed the ball to league president Howard Samuels. Samuels had to persuade NASL clubs to permit their best U.S. players to be drafted onto Team America. Only the exceedingly fragile state of the league's finances made it possible even to raise the question: Team America, it was hoped, would put the

NASL back in the spotlight. Then Samuels had to look around for angels who would put money into what was almost sure to be a losing proposition. Samuels scored twice. The NASL owners agreed to the draft, and Bob Lifton, a New York business executive, turned up as prime angel. The red, white and blue package appeared to be neatly wrapped up. Only one factor had been overlooked—at first, anyway: How did the players feel about the whole thing?

In Tampa last month, where the fledgling team held its first training camp, Jeff Durgan, late of the Cosmos and arguably the best stopper back the U.S. has produced, gave voice to the doubts that many young players were feeling. "My initial reaction," he said, "was that they had drawn up a plan and they hadn't even considered the players. They didn't talk to us, they didn't even talk to our union. The original scheme would have completely abo-



Soccer in the U.S. isn't all Greek to Panagoulas

## Red, white, blue and new

*Enter Team America—in the NASL and as the U.S. side in international play*

lished the requirement that the other teams in the league field American players, but we've got a better deal now. If a franchise gives up two or three of its North Americans, it can only reduce its quota by one—from four to three."

Durgan, in fact, didn't make the decision to show up at Tampa until the day before he was supposed to report, on Feb. 8. "Some of us are giving up more than others," he said. "I've been with the Cosmos for three years now, started for three and played in three successive Soccer Bowl finals, and it's a pretty good bet that I could play in a fourth. And a fifth."

"What changed my mind in the end was the thought that there might not be a

league next year—which cancels out job security in New York. I agree with Lifton; instead of waiting for the wave to wash over us, let's try to swim with it. I still have doubts, I still have fears, but I would rather be part of Team America and go under with them than with the Cosmos."

But doubts and fears had clearly not been overcome by a number of good young Americans. Notable absentees at Tampa included the Seattle trio of Jeff Stock, Benny Durgle and Mark Peterson, all of whom had played in last year's Soccer Bowl. And midway through the two-week camp, the 26-year-old Cosmos striker, Steve Moyers, headed home. Moyers scored 13 times last season, and it



was said that he was being looked on as the natural successor to the perennial NASL scoring leader, Giorgio Chinaglia.

"All right, so Moyers stays one more year with the Cosmos," says Panagoulas, a strong-featured, cigar-smoking man of 48. "But now that Chinaglia says he'll play again this season, Moyers is going to be on the bench again. This team, though, could have given him the opportunity to be a bigger name than Chinaglia—there are so many millions of young Americans playing soccer now and waiting for their American heroes."

Those words seem strangely patriotic from a man of Greek birth who was coach of Greece's national team from 1973 until 1981 and since then, until January, had been coach of Olympiakos, a leading Greek club. But U.S. soccer isn't all Greek to Panagoulas. He's a U.S. citizen of 15 years' standing, went to school at Upsala College in New Jersey and points out that Vanna, his wife, is a Brooklyn girl, that his 15-year-old daughter, Debbie, was born in that same borough and that his 11-year-old, Johnny, is Manhattan-born.

Panagoulas is well versed in the demands and intricacies of world soccer, and he's keenly aware of the glittering rewards that could accrue to U.S. soccer in the next four highly crucial years. By a freak of circumstance, not only will

America host the Olympics next year, and thus automatically qualify for the final soccer round involving 16 teams, but it also stands a chance of being host country for the World Cup in 1986, thus automatically qualifying for the final round of that competition, too. "This isn't some underdeveloped, underprivileged country," says Panagoulas. "Even now as we talk, somewhere—in Harlem, in Tampa, in L.A., I don't know where—there are Pelés growing up. There was no compulsion for me to leave a comfortable career in Greece and come here. But I believe that American soccer has a tremendous potential for success."

To be precise, Panagoulas' appointment was made not by the NASL but by the U.S. Soccer Federation, which, in international terms, is the governing body of the sport here. He's therefore not only coach of Team America but also of the U.S. national side, with the right to call on clubs other than Team America for native players for important international games. For good measure, he oversees the National Youth team.

So Panagoulas has his work cut out for him: as a coach, and in having to please two masters, the NASL and the USSF, bodies that have rarely been in accord. But he does have one enormous advantage. "All over the world, the dream of every national coach is to have his

players together as much as possible," he says. "And here I am, the envy of them all, having the national team together all the time, playing 30 consecutive league games, plus maybe five or six international fixtures."

At the University of Tampa's soccer ground two weeks ago, though, it couldn't be concealed that Team America was a gamble that could go wrong. Though the side may be strengthened later with more MISL recruits, it seemed lacking in firepower; one MISL player in camp, Golden Bay's Tony Cresciella, was described as the team's "only true striker." And there was more than a little depression over its 3-0 scrimmage loss to a side composed of Tampa Bay Rowdies.

Oddly, in the light of his earlier hesitations, it was Durgan who rallied the team in a private meeting, and as the camp progressed, he emerged very clearly as a leader. Says Woosnam, "Suddenly, there's no fallback for him. He can't be looking over his shoulder for Carlos Alberto anymore. It's done him good. You could almost see his personality and self-confidence grow the last two weeks."

For all its inexperience, though, Team America, as it presently stands, has something that is often missing on the teams of some of the most powerful soccer nations—West Germany, for instance, or even Italy. This quality was expressed best at Tampa by Perry Van Der Beck of the Rowdies, the first player ever (in 1978) to be drafted from high school. He had been selected by Team America. "It's very important for me to be playing for my country," he said. "Tampa's a good city. I'm popular here and I could stay here the rest of my life. But I've always wanted the Olympics—I would have been on the side in Moscow in 1980—and I want to play in the World Cup in 1986." That simple patriotism was at work here was confirmed last week by a Tampa Tribune survey that had as Question 19: "Does nationalism play any part in your decision to join Team America?"

"Yes," answered every player.

"We're like little kids now," Durgan said last week, "feeling our way. We need a little success. We have to be told we're good. Let's not take on Italy in the first two months of Team America's life."

"The first year is going to be difficult," says Panagoulas, "but I tell my boys, 'You are playing for the future of the game in this country.'"

END

Cresciella, here fighting off a Rowdie in scrimmage, was the only MISL player in camp.





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**A**t some point during every home basketball game, the Ball State University pep band plays a few bars of the theme from *Mighty Mouse* in honor of the Cardinals' 5' 9" guard, Ray McCallum (no kin of the author). This is appropriate, because McCallum, who was raised only three miles from Ball State's Muncie, Ind. campus, has saved many a day for Ball State during the last four years. Nationally, McCallum may not be the best-known Ball Stater—that distinction belongs to David Letterman, actress Joyce DeWitt of *Three's Company* or *Garfield* creator Jim Davis—but in the hearts of the homeowners, who have watched him grow (sort of), McCallum is their big man.

It was McCallum, after all, who put the ball in Ball State. Before he tied on his red cape and became a starter as a freshman in the 1979-80 season, the Cardinals had never been the Mid-American Conference champions; now they've won two straight titles, with McCallum being first-team all-conference both years. This season, with a limited supporting cast, McCallum was, through Sunday, averaging 20.0 points a game, good enough to ensure his third consecutive all-conference selection. With a 9-7 conference record, Ball State won't win the regular-season title again, but the team could qualify for the NCAA tournament, as it did in '80-81, by winning the MAC tournament. And with McCallum's drawing power—5' 9" scoring machines still being as rare as 6' 10" point guards—the Cardinals must be considered an NIT possibility, too.

McCallum became the MAC's all-time leading scorer on Jan. 29, with 1,850 career points, and he could well surpass that distinction by winning the Frances Pomeroy Naasmith-Basketball Hall of Fame Memorial Award, given annually to the best senior player who stands less than 6 feet. Should that happen, the city of Muncie may consider changing its name from Middletown, U.S.A. to Home of the Big Little Man; last year's Naasmith winner was Nebraska's 5' 9" guard, Jack Moore, the former Muncie

Central High star who kept McCallum on the bench until he was a senior.

With all the recognition McCallum has brought Muncie, it's not surprising that Feb. 23 was designated Ray McCallum Day by Mayor Alan Wilson. McCal-



## He's tall when he has the ball

*Ball State's Ray McCallum, 5' 9", is the Mid-America's top scorer ever*

lun showed his gratitude by scoring 24 points in a 66-62 victory over Northern Illinois at Ball State's University Gymnasium. (Things didn't go as well on Garfield Day during the football season; the Cardinals lost to Indiana State 17-0, with no help from that fat and lazy cat.)

Last Saturday afternoon McCallum scored 15 points in a 67-64 victory over

by Jack McCallum

Central Michigan that was notable for its head-to-head confrontation between McCallum and Central Michigan's Melvin McLaughlin, who at week's end was only 11 points shy of McCallum's conference scoring record. Conceivably, two different players could break the MAC scoring record in the same season. That would be fine with Tony Catanzarite, a Ball State alumnus who was McCallum's grade school guidance counselor and is still his confidant.

"It's in the stars for it to happen," says Catanzarite. "Here's the script. This week, in one of the two final regular-season games, McLaughlin passes Ray to take the lead. But Ball State will get at least one more game because it'll be in the conference playoffs, and Central Michigan [with a 5-11 league record] won't. So Ray goes out and breaks the record again. Can you imagine that? It's storybook. I know, but, look, Ray McCallum is storybook."

But it's not all storybook. "When I was growing up I went to only one Ball State game, with the Boys' Club or something," McCallum says. "I think we left at halftime." McCallum grew itchy on the bench as a junior at Muncie Central while Moore was leading the Bearcats to the state championship. When McCallum got his chance as a senior, he also guided Central to a state championship.

But Ray discovered, as Moore had the year before, that the world does not beat a path to your door if your head doesn't brush the ceiling.

Even Ball State ignored McCallum, as it had ignored Moore. Coach Steve Yoder, who resigned after last season to take the head job at Wisconsin, agreed to scout McCallum only after Catanzarite pounded Yoder's ear incessantly during Yoder's visits to Tony's Lockerroom, a restaurant-lounge near the campus that Catanzarite owns. After a few looks, Yoder decided McCallum was the guard he needed, height be damned.

McCallum does play taller than 5' 9" because of his long arms and jumping

ability. "In Ray's mind he's 6' 4"," says Catanzarite. But, strangely, on the court he appears even smaller than he is. For one thing, he's a young-looking 22; he could probably get away with saying he's 14. Second, a strenuous weightlifting program has developed McCallum's upper body and legs, but his musculature is sleek, and he still closely resembles the 18-year-old boy who dropped the bar on his chest the first time he lifted weights at Ball State.

Finally, he appears even smaller than 5' 9" because he probably is. "You all had a tape measure on him?" Muncie Central Coach Bill Harrell asks Ball State Associate Coach Bill Hahn. "I never did think he was 5' 9".

"Well, he's almost 5' 9"," says Hahn with a smile.

Though he's easily the Cardinals' best ball handler, McCallum plays the off guard position because he's not a great penetrator and needs some help off picks to shoot his jumper, which he can get down from as far out as 25 feet. His accuracy on the jumper—he's a career 50% shooter—has been the key to his point production. But Ball State Coach Al Brown, like Yoder before him, has very few set plays, and consequently McCallum averages only about 14 shots per game; McLaughlin, also an excellent shooter, gets about 17, a more normal total for a scorer.

McCallum falls back on his jumper, so that few of his shots are blocked, and despite a penchant for posting up—which is hopeless because of his size—he doesn't force shots inside when he gets caught amid the big men. He also capitalizes on what he calls the "sneak-in factor." Early in the second half against Northern Illinois, McCallum made a left-handed tip-in when nobody boxed him out; with 3:06 left, he came up with a crucial offensive rebound and drew a foul. Yes, he can jam, and has proved it on a dozen or so occasions in games.

Though his quick hands had helped him collect 167 career steals through last week, which ties the Ball State record, he's a liability in a man-to-man situation because of his size. "Without a doubt, defense will be a problem for Ray if he wants to make it in the pros," says Moore, who was cut by the Kansas City Kings after being drafted in the ninth round last year. "He's not really noted for his defense anyway, and he's played a lot

of zone in college. At Nebraska we played all man-to-man, so I learned how to play defense, and it was still tough."

Last week McCallum sipped a glass of Kool-Aid in his apartment and reflected on his NBA chances, saying, "I just hope the right people see me. My whole life, it's been 'You can't play at this level, you can't play at that level.' I want one more chance to play at the next level."

McCallum is amazed at the adulation he gets around Muncie. Unassuming by nature, he took an apartment alone this year to get away from some of the attention. "I can see I'm a role model for a lot of kids," he says. "Not everybody out there is over 6 feet tall. Maybe they see me and say, 'If Ray can do it, so can I.' But all the attention still knocks me out sometimes."

Thirty minutes later McCallum is recognized the instant he enters a restaurant. He signs autographs as his girl friend, Wendy Moore, exchanges pleasantries with a man and his son.

"Thanks," says the man. "You made our day."

A little theme music, please.



**EAST** After watching senior Guard Greg Jones burn Nevada-Las Vegas for 32 points and seven rebounds in leading West Virginia to an 87-78 win over the Runnin' Rebels in Morgantown, Coach Jerry Tarkenton said, "I didn't think he was that kind of player." Jones hit 12 of 21 from the floor, including five of 10 three-pointers, to send the Rebels to their second straight upset loss. "When you try to play a full-court game with Jones," said Mountaineer Coach Gale Catlett afterward, "you're crazy."

Not crazy, says Tarkenton. "We're sick," he said. "Darny [Tarkenton] has bronchitis, John Copeland got the flu, and they think Jeff Collins suffered a concussion out there." The Rebels also played their second consecutive road game without freshman Power Forward Eldridge Hudson, who suffered a knee injury two weeks ago.

Before ACC co-leader Virginia traveled to play at last-place Clemson, Cavalier Coach Terry Holland said, "We've been trying not to get ourselves caught up in a conference stretch run like we did last year. We're not conceding the league championship, but

we're looking toward the end of the year, toward the NCAA's."

Clemson, which lost 85-83 in overtime after leading Virginia for most of the second half, nearly caught the Cavs going too far down the road. The Tigers hit 12 of 18 shots from three-point range in regulation time and forced the game into OT when freshman Anthony Jenkins sank a pair of free throws with one second left. But Virginia's Othell Wilson, who cost the Cavs a victory in regulation by inexplicably fouling Jenkins, redeemed himself with two seconds left in OT by hitting the winner, a 12-foot jumper. Virginia returned to the fast lane on Sunday by whipping North Carolina State 86-75.

North Carolina snapped a three-game losing streak and kept pace with the Cavaliers in the ACC by going "back to the fundamentals," as Tie Hied Guard Michael Jordan put it. Carolina routed Wake Forest in Chapel Hill 100-85, shooting 62.1% from the floor, and then breezed past Clemson 93-80 on Sunday. Jordan scored 43 points in the two victories, while Sam Perkins got 41 points and 26 rebounds.

After senior Center John Pinone hit a 20-foot jumper at the buzzer to give Villanova a 71-70 overtime victory over St. John's at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, losing Coach Lou Carnesecca told reporters, "This was one you guys should have paid to see." Loose then handed the postgame microphone to Pinone and said, "Enjoy this, John. This one you'll remember for a lifetime." Pinone will, but the Redmen's Chris Mullin might like to forget it. After hitting the first of two free throws that gave St. John's a 70-69 lead with seven seconds left in OT, Mullin, going for his 1,000th career point, missed and the ball bounced into Pinone's hands. Pinone whipped an outlet pass to Guard Stewart Granger, who darted to the right and looped a pass back to Pinone outside the key. Pinone's buzzer buster guaranteed the Wildcats at least a tie for the Big East regular-season title. Earlier, Villanova clinched the mythical Big Five championship with a 70-62 triumph over archrival St. Joseph's, while Billy Goodwin's 24 points and Mullin's 19 gave St. John's an 85-69 home-court victory over Syracuse.

Because someone stole Patrick Ewing's jersey the day before Georgetown's Big East game with Seton Hall in the New Jersey Meadowlands, he was forced to wear No. 50 instead of his familiar No. 33. But Ewing still had the Pirates' number, scoring 16 points and making seven steals in a 71-60 Hoyas victory. Earlier, Georgetown pounded hapless Providence 86-62, with Ewing getting 28 points and seven rebounds.

Boston College moved into third place in the Big East, a half game behind St. John's, with an 86-80 victory over Connecticut and then went to Pittsburgh and clobbered the Panthers 70-52.

continued



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## SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (23-3)	2*
2. UCLA (21-3)	3
3. LOUISVILLE (24-3)	6
4. HOUSTON (23-2)	7
5. VILLANOVA (21-4)	8
6. ST. JOHN'S (23-4)	5
7. UNLV (24-2)	1
8. WICHITA STATE (23-3)	9
9. ARKANSAS (24-1)	10
10. KENTUCKY (20-5)	11
11. N. CAROLINA (23-6)	12
12. MISSOURI (22-6)	13
13. INDIANA (20-5)	4
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15. VA. C'WEALTH (22-5)	19
16. OHIO STATE (18-7)	15
17. MEMPHIS STATE (19-5)	14
18. ILLINOIS STATE (20-5)	16
19. CSU-FULLERTON (20-5)	—
20. BOSTON COLL. (20-5)	—

\* Last week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

**MIDEAST** It was not the finest of weeks for Indiana Coach Bobby Knight. First, he was reprimanded and placed on warning by Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke for publicly criticizing conference officials. Then the Hoosiers dropped into a first-place tie with Ohio State by losing to Michigan 69-56 and to Michigan State 62-54. After the loss to the Wolverines, Knight said, "This was a game of our mistakes. Michigan came out at us, and as the game went on, they wouldn't let us come back. They stayed in the game."

But Hoosier Forward Ted Kitchel, who was the Big Ten's leading scorer, did not. He left with back spasms 5:53 into the first half and never returned. The next day he was admitted to a hospital in Indianapolis with a lower-back injury and is probably lost for the year. With Kitchel sidelined, the Wolverines concentrated on the Hoosiers' other main man, Forward Randy Wittman, and held him to 18 points—including just four field goals. Wittman then shot a miserable 3 of 14 from the field and had only seven points against Michigan State. Two nights earlier the Spartans slowed Ohio State's drive to the top of the Big Ten with a 101-94 triple-overtime triumph. Spartan freshman Scott Skiles scored 35 points, hitting 12 of 19 from the field and a perfect 10 of 10 from the line. He converted six of those free throws in the final two minutes of the third overtime, which secured the Spartans' victory. But the Buckeyes, finally led for the lead by beating Michigan 81-71.

After Kentucky pounded out an 81-72 Southeastern Conference win over Georgia,

Bulldog Coach Hugh Durham moaned, "Kentucky was playing with machetes. We might need some blood transfusions." Indeed, 56 fouls were called—27 against the 'Cats and 29 against the Dawgs—which prompted Durham and Wildcat Coach Joe B. Hall to rely heavily on their benches. Hall went to his more often and with greater results: Kentucky's reserves outscored Georgia's 30-5. The 'Cats clinched a tie for their 34th SEC regular-season championship with a 69-61 win over visiting Tennessee on Sunday.

Earlier, Duke Ellis, in his final game at Tennessee's Stokely Center, scored 35 points to lead the Vols past Auburn 82-74. But two nights later, against Vanderbilt in Nashville, the Commodores gave Ellis something to remember them by. Vandy upset Tennessee 69-68 on Phil Cox's two free throws with one second left. It was the Commodores' second one-point win over the Vols this season.

Virginia Commonwealth extended its winning streak to 14, defeating Jacksonville 65-58 and North Carolina Charlotte 73-71. Six-three Freddie (Throw-Down) Brown landed in a career-high 16 rebounds to go along with 11 points to lead the Rams over the Dolphins, while Guard Calvin Duncan scored 20 points to pace Virginia Commonwealth past UNCC.

**MIDWEST** After Arkansas raced past Texas 84-67 in Austin, Longhorn Coach Bob Welch said, "We are like Wildwheels chasing quarter horses. They were dribbling with the ball faster than we could run without it." Texas committed 16 first-half turnovers but trailed only 38-32, thanks to 82.3% shooting (14 of 17) from the field. But when the Longhorns' shooting cooled in the second half, the Razorback defense, led by Smothers Brothers Darrell Walker, who also scored 22 points, and Alvin Robertson, who had 20, helped convert 33 Texas turnovers into 39 Arkansas points. "I've never played against quicker guards in my life," said Longhorn Guard Craig Carlton. "I've never seen guards do a better job of cutting off passing lanes and trapping you." The Hogs tuned up for their showdown with Southwest Conference leader Houston by whipping Texas Tech in Fayetteville 77-63.

In the Big Eight, Missouri moved within one victory of becoming the first team in 49 years to win four straight championships. After routing Colorado 88-53, the Tigers rallied from a nine-point second-half deficit to edge Nebraska 54-51 and clinch a tie for the title. "I don't think there are many teams that could come back like that against a team as good as Nebraska playing in Lincoln," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart. Guard Jim Sundvold led the Tigers with 19 points, including 11 of Mizrou's last 13.

Wichita State's 72-62 victory over visiting Illinois State wrapped up the Shockers' sec-

ond Missouri Valley Conference title in three seasons, but Wichita, which is on a three-year probation for recruiting violations, won't be going to the NCAA tournament. "Our goal was to finish 25-3 and finish in the Top 10," said Shockers Coach Gene Smithson. Earlier, Wichita State had won an New Mexico State for the first time since 1976, beating the Aggies 72-70. Xavier McDaniel was held to season lows of nine points and six rebounds, but he scored seven of the Shockers' last nine points, including a game-winning tip-in at the buzzer. They then beat Creighton 81-71, as Antoine Carr scored 24 points.

Louisville breezed past Division II Wright State of Ohio 71-55 and then had to overcome an 11-point first-half deficit to beat Western Kentucky 73-62. Florida State sent Memphis State to its fourth loss in six games, beating the Tigers 74-72 on Granville Arnold's layup with two seconds to go. Senior Guard Mitchell Wiggins, who has attained double figures in all 42 of his games as a Seminole, led Florida State with 37 points.

**WEST** Cal State-Fullerton Forward Tony Neal took a single-minded approach to the Titans' game with Nevada-Las Vegas. "I wasn't worried about anybody else's performance," Neal said after an 86-78 victory knocked the Runnin' Rebels from the unbeaten ranks. "I just knew that if we all did our jobs individually, we'd come together like a fist."

Sure enough, the fist scored a knockout. Neal scored 18 points and had 13 rebounds, while Guard Leon Wood had 21 points and 12 assists, despite playing the last 10 minutes with a sprained right ankle. Although UNLV outshot Fullerton (51.5% to 45.1%) and outrebounded the Titans 44-38, the Rebels committed 21 turnovers, including 16 in the second half. "We've had a lot of good games this

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**TROY LEE MIKELL** The senior guard, top field-goal shooter (71.6%) in the nation, scored 46 points, hitting 17 of 20 shots from the floor and 12 of 19 from the line, as East Tennessee State won twice.

year," said Rebel Coach Jerry Tarkenton. "Now it's time for us to experience this." Fullerton then got 21 points from Ricky Moon in a 75-71 win over Utah State.

UCLA whipped crosstown rival Southern Cal in a home-and-home series to extend its string of consecutive 20-win seasons to 17, an NCAA record. The Bruins got 24 points from Darren Davis and 21 from Kenny Fields in a 77-60 victory in Pauley Pavilion. Fields then burned the Trojans for 23 more during the 71-64 win at the Trojans' home floor in the Sports Arena.



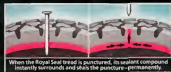


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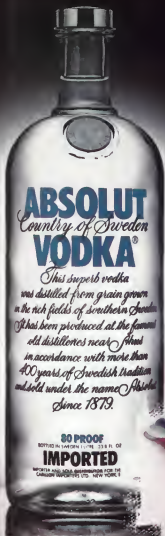
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**W**ith the newest show in sports, Herschel Walker Against the World, scheduled to debut Sunday on ABC, it's time for a short quiz on the U.S. Football League's TV deal. Two or more right answers and you win a Heidi Award. Fewer than two right, you watch arm wrestling for the rest of the year.

**Q** Is this the first made-for-television pro league?

**A** You betcha. The USFL had \$18 million committed from ABC and \$11 million from ESPN even before it named its commissioner, Chet Simmons, who just happens to be a former president of NBC Sports and of ESPN. The deal was orchestrated by Mike Trager, an erstwhile NBC Sports vice-president who once worked for Simmons.

**Q** Will pro football finally use television replays as an officiating tool?

**A** No. ABC won't go for it—and the response here is bravo. Sure, the pros ought to put a Supreme Ref on the sidelines in front of a monitor, but they should furnish their own replays. TV should report the action, not influence it.

**Q** Fess up now, how much hidden cash did TV put into Walker's \$3.9 million deal with the New Jersey Generals?

**A** None—at least not directly. ABC, which at week's end had sold 90% (or \$20 million worth) of the commercial time for the 1983 USFL season, is free to show Herschel, Herschel and more Herschel and in so doing may boost ratings. That could earn the USFL more dollars because its contract with ABC can be re-opened if ratings exceed expectations.

For the record, ABC is scheduled to carry 21 games this year, all but one of them on Sunday afternoons, while ESPN will air 34 games on Saturday and Monday nights. What's not on the record are two tales thick with intrigue: 1) To ensure its survival for at least two seasons, the USFL played what Washington Federal's President James Gould calls "a game of mirrors" to set up the ABC deal, and 2) NBC, in one of the more noteworthy lapses in sports TV annals, blew a chance to obtain a property it sorely needs.

Trager, who is president of the international sports division of Robert Landau Associates, a corporate consulting firm in New York City, was hired by the fledgling USFL in 1981. He quietly pre-

sented the league's case to the three major networks. CBS, which has plenty of spring programming—the NCAA basketball tournament and the Masters, for instance—said, "No thanks." NBC initially said, "Forget it, not interested." ABC said, "Maybe—tell us more."

Then came a fascinating turn of events. Last May 11 the USFL held a press conference at "21" in New York City, announcing that it would play an 18-game schedule in 12 major cities, with

by William Taaffe

promised Joe Garagiola would do promos. They said the league was young, so NBC might use one of its top young announcers, like Bob Trumpy. Says Gould, "They'd been asleep at the wheel, so at the last minute they came up with this disheveled approach. It was desperation."

NBC matched ABC's dollar totals but never showed abiding interest. As for-

## Herschel's icing on the cake

*Even without Walker, the USFL had the right recipe to get on the tube*

or without a network contract.

Few people knew that 48 hours earlier the USFL was at best an eight-city league and that several owners were threatening to boycott the press conference because they weren't prepared to pretend that they'd proceed without a network deal. "Let me tell you—that announcement [at "21"] was really shaky," says Gould. However, the press conference, no matter how much of a sham it was, may have been a prerequisite for ABC's getting together with the USFL. Says Trager, "There was probably this misgiving [at ABC]: Is it our money that's starting the league or is the league starting on its own with us coming in as a partner?"

Thirteen days following the press conference, ABC and the USFL signed a four-year contract. The network will pay the league \$9 million in each of the first two years and has an option for 1985 at \$14 million and for 1986 at \$18 million. (ESPN is in for \$4 million this year and \$7 million in 1984.)

Meanwhile, NBC had begun to galvanize itself into action. The weekend before the USFL-ABC deal was concluded, NBC President Robert Mulholland, Sports President Arthur Watson and Vice-President Geoff Mason inundated league owners with phone calls. They



While NBC slept, Trager came to terms with ABC.

mer USFL Chairman Peter Spivak says, "They offered slogans instead of sandwiches." There's another expression that applies. For years ABC News and Sports President Roone Arledge has been known for his sense of timing in acquiring the rights to major sporting properties. The word is that "Arledge leaves the barn at 3 a.m., while the rest of the animals leave when the sun rises." The USFL being a TV league, that as much as Walker's unexpected presence explains why it's off to a fast start.

END





# THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME

*That's how even Olympians describe playing  
in Minnesota's high school hockey tournament,  
perhaps America's premier schoolboy event.*

By E.M. SWIFT

*Whitby*

CONTINUED

## MINNESOTA HOCKEY

continued

I'd heard about the Minnesota State High School Hockey Tournament for years. Friends who had played in it had sounded like carnival hawkers outside a 7-foot Amazon woman's tent: "Big Chloé! Big Chloé! She walks, she talks, she crawls on her belly like a reptile. Step right this way, ladies and gentlemen. You've got to see her to believe her!" Someday, I'd resolved, I would do so.

Still, I was surprised to hear the Minnesota tournament brought up in this setting: February 1980, moments after the U.S. Olympic hockey team had scored with 27 seconds remaining to tie Sweden 2-2 at Lake Placid. The squad had just filed into the locker room, which was rapidly turning into a madhouse. Mike Ramsey, one of the American defensemen and now a member of the Buffalo Sabres, was breathing deeply, sweating,

his eyes alive with the thrill of where he was and what his team had just accomplished. "That's the most nervous I've been before a game since the Minnesota State High School Hockey Tournament," said Ramsey.

Recently, Herb Brooks, the U.S. coach at Lake Placid, who's now with the New York Rangers, did Ramsey one better. "Of all the thrills I've had in hockey—playing and coaching in the Olympics, winning NCAA titles, coaching the Rangers—I can honestly say the biggest was winning the Minnesota State High School Hockey Tournament," said Brooks. "No question about it. It's because you do that with kids you've come up through the ranks with. You lived for the day you had a chance to try out for the high school team, hoping you'd get the sweater number of some guy you admired. Then you lived for the day you made the tournament, so you could win it and share that with your mates. It sounds

like bull, but that win in high school was a bigger thrill than the gold medal."

It did sound like bull, but in the back of my mind I could hear a tinny, insistent voice barking, "Big Chloé! Big Chloé! You've got to see her to believe her!"

Last year the tournament was held, as usual, in St. Paul. The dates were Thursday, March 11 through Saturday the 13th. (This year's tournament will be played next week.) As I had been warned, all the hotels in the St. Paul area had been booked for months, so I stayed 25 minutes away, in Bloomington, across the street from the Met Center, where the Minnesota North Stars play. Wednesday night the New York Islanders happened to be in town—a replay of the 1981 Stanley Cup finals—so I took in the game. It was a dandy—for the regular season—ending in a 4-4 tie.

After that I wasn't enjoying the prospect of three straight days of schoolboy hockey. But on Thursday I rose early,





giving myself plenty of time to get lost on the way to the St. Paul Civic Center "Just look for the school buses," the first gas station attendant told me. I looked.

"Just follow that Winnebago," said the next attendant, pointing at a brown camper sporting a bumper sticker that read: IRON RANGERS. WE'RE NOT TOO SMART, BUT WE LEFT HEAVY THINGS. The Iron Range, I later learned, is an area in northern Minnesota rich in ore and hockey talent. Rangers, as the people who live there are called, are easily distinguished from Twin City folk. Taciturn, thrifty, outdoorsy, hard-drinking, Rangers are regarded by their St. Paul hosts as one might look upon an eccentric uncle who visits once a year: You're exhausted by the time he leaves, but for the next 51 weeks you tell tales of his stay.

Eventually, I spotted a sea of yellow buses parked bumper to bumper. Clusters of people were milling about, and a stray trumpeter in uniform ran by. The

weather was relatively mild, in the 30s; it was bright, and not much snow was left on the ground. Youngsters were selling programs, a band was getting itself organized and a few hopeful-looking sorts were holding up signs asking for tickets. After a long, long nap, the Minnesota State High School Hockey Tournament was stretching its muscles, catlike, in the March sunshine.

The Civic Center seats 15,706, with standing room for several thousand more fans. The largest crowd ever to see a hockey game in Minnesota—19,145—attended the tournament's opening session in 1979. Pretty good for a Thursday afternoon. I recalled my own illustrious high school career. At the biggest game of the year—Hotchkiss vs. Choate—you could tell how big the crowd was simply by counting the noses peering over the boards. This would be a different kettle of fish. At 11 o'clock the line for standing-room tickets was already 100 yards

long and three or four persons wide. Someone in that queue may not have been between the ages of 13 and 17, but I failed to locate him or her. Thursday apparently was a light day in Minnesota schools.

"This tournament is the premier high school sporting event in the country," Larry Larson, the director of information and publications for the Minnesota State High School League, told me as I picked up my press credentials. "The Indiana basketball and Texas football people will debate that, I imagine, but I think I'm right. Part of the secret is having only one division—all 150 or so of the state's hockey-playing schools are in it—so you get the real David and Goliath games, the small schools that become Cinderella stories. And the tournament is the harbinger of spring for our state. We're coming out of winter."

Cinderella, David and Goliath—all we needed now was a cry for Big Chloe. Larson described the ticket situation, and it was grim. Unless you were affiliated with one of the eight schools that had made it through the sectionals to the tournament, you could pretty well forget about getting a seat. Even scalpers were scarce. Those who couldn't attend could either watch the tournament on television—last year WCCO-TV in Minneapolis paid \$450,000 to carry the games in 1983-85—or listen to it on one of 19 radio stations across the state.

The first game, between Edina and Rochester Mayo, began at 12:35. The top row of the stands had been converted into an auxiliary press box, and I sat there, munching a pleasant young man named Terry Albert out of my seat. He plopped himself onto the steps in the aisle, beside his father, Ernie. I read the program. Edina was the pretournament favorite, and I recalled that Bill Nyrop, the former Montreal Canadian defenseman, had played for the 1969 Edina state championship team. The Alberts told me whom to keep an eye on in the game. Ernie works at 3M in St. Paul, and he had taken a vacation day to be here. He and Terry had paid a scalper \$5 apiece for \$3

*continued*



*Post success and a rich kid's rep made Edina (in white) the Dallas Cowboys of the tournament*

# MINNESOTA HOCKEY

connect

standing room, which they thought was a fair price. I asked Ernie whether he had played hockey.

"Sure," he said. "I grew up in the southwest part of the state, Okabeena. There was a river outside of town the kids used to play on. We had clamp-on skates back then, or if you didn't have clamps you played goal." I could picture it: Some kid in galoshes, his feet freezing, trying to stop the puck and keep his balance, and failing in both. "We'd take stones off the road to make goals," Ernie continued. "Man, they hurt if you fell on them." He winced. "We didn't have real sticks, you know. We'd cut off a curved tree limb to use as a stick. And the puck would be the piece of an old tire."

We paused to watch the action. Having seen two of the best teams in the NHL the night before, I was prepared for a shambles. I didn't get one. The kids

were very fast, the passing occasionally errant but never sloppy, the pace relentless. The two hands lent an urgency to the atmosphere that had been missing from the North Star-Islander game. After all, this game meant something—even to nonpartisan observers like Ernie, who in some small way was reliving his afternoons on the river in Okabeena. "I've been coming to this tournament for 10 years," he said. "I think you appreciate it more if you've played the game." Yes, that was probably right. Edina eventually beat Mayo 7-4. Both teams had looked awfully good.

The second game featured the Bloomington Thomas Jefferson Jaguars, who were the defending champions, and the Green Wave of East Grand Forks. I decided to pull for East Grand Forks. An 0-4 record in two previous tournament appearances made the Green Wave an ir-

resistible choice for someone whose college team had gone 1-22 a dozen years ago. I recalled teammates who'd played in this tournament, how they'd spoken of it, and how some had quit our college program in disgust. What a letdown we must have been after this.

East Grand Forks, which is on the North Dakota border, was the northernmost town represented in St. Paul. In its early years, the tournament had been dominated by northern schools, which won 20 of the first 24 titles. Little towns like Eveleth, Roseau and International Falls became familiar names to American hockey enthusiasts and produced many of the country's finest players. Southern teams, however, have won the tournament nine of the last 14 years. The north-south rivalries are keen.

The Jefferson-East Grand Forks game was even crisper than the opener. It was difficult to believe that these were high school players. In the third period the score was 3-3, the minutes were ticking down and the tension was building. Then an amazing thing happened. Upon a stop in play, an entire section of green-clad students rose—this was the real Green Wave—and chanted in unison, "We have spirit! Yes we do! We have spirit! How 'bout you?" On the *you* the East Grand Forks contingent pointed accusingly across the rink at the Jefferson fans and then sat down.

The Green Wave's challenge was swiftly met. A powder-blue throng rose—hundreds, no, thousands, strong—and screamed, "We have spirit! Yes we do! We have spirit! How 'bout you?" Index fingers were directed back toward the East Grand Forks contingent, and the Jefferson section sat down.

I had never seen anything quite like this. Our favorite high school cheer had been "Stomp 'em on the head." This was so wholesome, so refreshing, so Mary Tyler Moore-ish. I felt as if the whole lot of them should have been flown to the nearest mountaintop by some soft-drink company to film a commercial.

Back and forth the two schools went: up, down, up, down, green, blue, green, blue. I wondered how it would end, and presently I learned. When it came their turn, the Jefferson supporters began to scream, "We have more! We have more! We have more!" Unfazed, the Green

continued

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After 29 years coaching Hibbing, Perspich would retire at the tournament's end.

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## MINNESOTA HOCKEY

continued



A surfeit of blonde 16-year-olds led "real" cheers for their teams.

Wave rose and countered with the same cheer. The entire place resounded. (All weekend long, the best moments in the Civic Center came when scores were tied.) Then suddenly, as each section was challenging the other's spirit, Jefferson scored its fourth goal. Now the mood shifted. The cheerleaders dressed in powder blue assumed a giddy, triumphant air, while those in green began to tug on each

other's sweaters, chew fingernails and sneak looks at the clock. Several were near tears. On the ice, play became frenetic, but the game ended 4-3.

Two more games were played that night. Hibbing, the Iron Range representative, shut out Henry Sibley of Mendota Heights 3-0 and Mariner of White Bear Lake routed Cloquet 7-2. More than 18,000 people attended the evening ses-

sion, bringing the day's gate to 36,000. Excluding scouts and coaches, few spectators sat through both sessions. Hockey games are like the movies—a double feature is plenty for most enthusiasts. Four in one day is too much for me.

I watched the third period of the Mariner-Cloquet game in my hotel room. Mariner had huge defensemen, and Cloquet was in the process of getting stomped. That was too bad. What little emotional involvement I could still muster I'd thrown Cloquet's way. It was making its first trip to the state tournament, and it had terrific uniforms. The team's nickname is the Lumberjacks, and on the front of the players' sweaters was an emblem of a bearded lumberjack wearing a wool cap. Unfortunately, Cloquet was missing its star player, Cory Millen, who had broken his ankle in the sectional playoffs. He had finished the season with 44 goals in 15 games. During the Mariner game, Millen was behind the bench, leaning on his crutches and lending moral support, but that couldn't make up for his missing scoring touch.

On Friday afternoon, I went to the Radisson Hotel to see Willard Ikola, Edina's coach for the past quarter-century. Ikola's assistant, Bart Larson, was stationed outside Ikola's room on the 14th floor—the Edina floor—to make certain that merrymakers confined their frolicking to other parts of the hotel, so the Edina players could get their rest before that night's game. Ikola had been a goalie for Eveleth in the late '40s, when the school won five of the first seven state titles. In four appearances at the state tournament, Ikola had five shutouts—a record that still stands—and by the time he graduated, Eveleth had won 50 games in a row. Ikola is a short, circumspect man who has worn the same checkered yellow hat to every state tournament since 1968. It was no great trial for him to speak of the old days.

"My dad, like most of the people in Eveleth, worked in the iron mines," he said. "Things were tough. We didn't have a lot of money. It was a big thing to come down to the tournament. The whole town came. It was the only time most of them ever slept in a hotel. The first time I ordered from a menu was down here. We played in the old St. Paul Auditorium, which held 7,756 people. Eveleth's entire

continued

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## MINNESOTA HOCKEY

continued

population then was about 6,000. That was quite a thrill. Our team was responsible for there being a rule about how much the players could eat at training meals. We used to pass plates of food to our friends who had come down from Eveleth. We'd never seen so much food."

Thirty-six colleges purchase seats to the tournament, and a good showing by a player is a virtual guarantee of a scholarship offer. NHL scouts, who have found such stars as Steve Christoff, Neal and Aaron Broten, Mike Ramsey and Phil Housley at the tournament in recent years, also flock to the event. Last year the NHL drafted more players out of Minnesota high schools (27) than it did from the Quebec Major Junior League (17). But peddling talent to the pros isn't what this tournament is about—not remotely. "For the guys who make it into the finals tomorrow night," said Ikola, "it will be the biggest game they'll play until the Stanley Cup." Noise suddenly erupted from the hallway, and Larson could be heard ushering a beery crowd of students back onto the elevator. "It's their tournament," said Ikola. "It's something they'll never forget. Every time they watch this tournament as an adult they'll remember all the fun they had." He smiled. "Like I do."

The first game of Friday night's semifinals matched the two local teams, Edina and Jefferson, and the atmosphere was festive. A group of Jefferson students had painted their faces blue to match the outfits of their cheerleaders. "Let's get fired up!" implored the cheerleaders. Fifty of them were intermingled with the crowd—I never thought I would see so many blonde 16-year-old girls in my life—and spectators trying to get to their seats were taking a pretty good battering from the pompons.

"We are fired up! We are fired up!" was the response. That cheer was led by an entire section of guys wearing raincoats, dark glasses and Blues Brothers hats. No one could explain why they were dressed that way, not adequately, anyway. Something about the fourth branch of the secret service of the school government. At the end of regulation time the score was 2-2.

Ask anyone to name the most memorable game in tournament history and he'll mention one of two. The first is





Thief River Falls against Minneapolis South in 1955. That one lasted 11 overtimes. Rudy Kogl, South's coach, is said to have taken a walk during two of the extra periods. Had to get away, clear his head. Following the ninth OT, the referees decided to start the second game of the night, between Roseau and St. Paul Johnson. Herb Brooks played for St. Paul Johnson. "We had to give those other

swinging incident with Dave Forbes of the Boston Bruins two years earlier. Hockey fans in the Twin Cities had heard about Boucha all season, but the tournament was their first opportunity to see him. He put on an electrifying show in Warroad's first two games. Then, in the final, Boucha was viciously checked by an Edina defenseman and injured. Most recall the play as being dirty, but no pen-

could find no one from outside Edina who was rooting for Edina. It's the Dallas Cowboys of Minnesota high school hockey. As one small boy explained to me, "They think they're so hot."

Nevertheless, Edina won, scoring at 7:03 of the first OT. It was the prettiest goal of the night, which is as it should be in a game of that importance. Afterward Ikola did a jig in the locker room, look-



*Jefferson students were on the warpath before their team's semifinal with Twin City rival Edina, but the outcome made them even bluer.*

teams a rest," says Brooks. "We played our first period, then they played their tenth overtime. Then we played our second period. I remember thinking we were going to finish our game before they finished theirs." It didn't happen that way. Between the second and third periods of the Roseau-Johnson game, South scored to win 3-2. Exhausted, South lost the next day to Brooks' team, which went on to win the championship.

The other game most often cited is the 1969 title game between Warroad and Edina. Warroad, a small town from up north, was led by a center named Henry Boucha, a Chippewa Indian whose professional career ended in 1976 as the result of an eye injury sustained in a stick-

ality was called. "About 15,000 people were ready to go over the boards and lynch the entire Edina team," one observer remembers. Edina already led 4-2, but Warroad, playing without Boucha, made a stirring comeback before Edina won 5-4 in overtime.

That, I supposed, was one reason for the ill feeling toward Edina. More damning is the fact that Edina is one of the Twin Cities' wealthiest suburbs. "No one likes rich kids who are good," said Bob Johnson, coach of the Calgary Flames, when asked about the tournament. Johnson, who guided Wisconsin to three NCAA titles, got his start in coaching at Warroad. As I waited for the overtime between Edina and Jefferson to start, I

ing, for a split second, as merry as any coach I'd ever seen. "We're going to the big one!" he said, beaming.

One of Edina's co-captains, Bill Brauer, was sitting at his locker. There was no rush to undress after a game like that. "At first I was just happy to be in the tournament," he said. "But now we're trying to win it. It's your goal since you were a kid. I remember being down at the playground when I was eight or nine pretending to be Craig Norwich or someone like that. 'He comes down ... he shoots ... he scores!' You think of them as so great. And now we're here—like they were." A smile settled on his face. It was a pleasing thought.

In the other semifinal, White Bear

*continued*

## MINNESOTA HOCKEY

continued

would play Hibbing, the sentimental favorite. George Perpich, Hibbing's coach of 29 years, would retire after his team's last game. This was the fifth time Perpich had brought Hibbing to the final eight, and on every occasion one of his sons and a Micheletti boy had been on the team. This year Pat Micheletti was Hibbing's starting center, and Jeff Perpich was a starting defenseman. Each is the youngest in his family.

Hibbing's fans had been having a time of it. Several busloads of students had come the 190 miles to see their team's opening game. Immediately afterward—around nine Thursday night—they had

piled back into the buses for the 4½-hour drive back to Hibbing. School was held as usual on Friday morning, and at 12:30 in the afternoon the buses filled again for the trek back to St. Paul. If Hibbing should win this one, its fans would make the round trip once more for the title game, bringing their total time on buses in three days to 27 hours. I have no fonder memories of bus rides than the average American, and I expressed my sympathies to one of the Hibbing students after hearing of this ordeal. "Are you kidding?" she said. "The bus rides are the best part." It wasn't the last time that weekend I would feel 87 years old.

Alas, the return trip to the Iron Range on Friday night would be the last one for Hibbing followers. Mariner shut down Perpich's attack with superb defense and advanced to the finals with a 4-1 victory.



With Miller on crutches, Cloquet won the spectatorship award but not the title.

Following the game, I walked the six blocks back to the Radisson. The moon was three-quarters full and waning. The night was windy, and the temperature on the bank clock read 30°. A group of bare-legged cheerleaders ran by me, their pompons still held high. They were shouting how they were going to crush Edina.

I sensed I was nearing the hotel when an orange, falling 20 stones, splattered on the street. There was vomit on the sidewalk. Inside, at midnight, the Radisson looked like Vegas Midwest. "We will, we will skate-skate," sang a group of cheerleaders, different from those who had passed me on the street. The lobby was jammed. The pool area was jammed. The bar was jammed. Need I tell you about the elevators? "Where's the party?" asked a student carrying a tape deck as he tried to exit at the 14th floor. "Not here," the vigilant Larson replied, shoving him back into our ascending brewery. Someone had pushed all the buttons. Eventually I made my escape.

I had been invited to a hospitality suite. It was hot and crowded with fans, parents, coaches and scouts. Shortly after I arrived, a well-dressed lady passed out in the living room. She recovered. The talk in the suite was of an up-and-coming ninth-grader, of a younger Broten brother, of Phil Housley's chances of turning pro (which he did, signing right out of high school with the Buffalo Sabres, who drafted him in the first round). This was grass-roots hockey. Not many people here would walk out of a game early. "The Minnesota hockey fan does not sleep with his North Stars," said one of the scouts. "The North Stars have to succeed to get a following. The Minnesota hockey fan sleeps with his high school hockey."

On Saturday afternoon, while the consolation games were being played, I went to find Ron Drobnick, the goalie on the Eveleth team that won the first Minnesota state tournament in 1945. His name is still in the record books: LEAST STOPS—One Game—1—Ron Drobnick. Eveleth (1945). Eveleth won that game 16-0, and the save, says Drobnick, came on a shot from center ice. He had not, as I had been told, injured his ankle on the play.

Drobnick's room was packed. His wife, Margaret, was there, along with a

continued

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## MINNESOTA HOCKEY

continued

former teammate, Milan Begich, who had witnessed the infamous one save, and a bunch of other people from Eveleth. A consolation game was on TV. Homemade Polish sausages were simmering in a steamer in the corner of the room. They lent a sweet, humid scent to the air. I was offered a sausage and homemade wine, 1981 vintage. It was pale gold, and I could nearly see through it. A lot of folks in Eveleth make their own wine. The grapes come from California.

Drobnick has missed only two state

"We played in front of 5,200 people in the finals," said Begich. "That was a big crowd for us."

"Milan, when we got on the bus it was a big crowd."

They talked about their old coach, Cliff Thompson. If a kid broke a stick and wasn't able to afford a new one, Thompson would buy him one and leave it in the snowbank outside the boy's house. "Poor?" said Drobnick. "Why we only had one puck per block, and when that road apple dried up, a lot of times we

The championship game that night between Edina and Mariner drew a crowd of 17,553, which brought the total attendance for the six sessions to 101,006. Edina dominated play and after two periods led 4-0, despite having two goals disallowed. "I don't like 'em personally," said an old coach before the start of the third period. "I've battled Edina all these years, and nobody hates 'em worse than I do. But they've got character. It bubbles out all over."

The final score was 6-0, a fair reflection of the play. Nearly everyone remained in the stands for the awards ceremony. First Cloquet—not just its players but its fans and cheerleaders as well—received the sportsmanship award. Then Edina was presented the state championship trophy, which the captains took turns carrying around the perimeter of the rink, as they had seen Stanley Cup winners do. The ovation they received couldn't have been warmer if they had been beloved underdogs all week.

Later, the Edina players posed outside their locker room for the television cameras. "We like Ike! We like Ike!" chanted the team as Ikola arrived. He was subdued, as most coaches are at such moments. During his interview he struck exactly the right chord by thanking, up front, Minnesota's youth hockey coaches. "The youth coaches give us the talent and we take it from there," he said.

Inside the locker room the players were slapping each other around, hollering in the showers, comparing their feelings with those of Stanley Cup and Super Bowl champions. The blackboard at the end of the room said: GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AND SOON YOU WILL HAVE EVERYTHING YOU WANT. Underneath that message was another: WHITE ARSEYS HERE. A pile of wet hockey sweaters lay below.

Outside the Mariner dressing room, several hundred parents, fans and cheerleaders were waiting. As the players came out one at a time, the people burst into applause. It stopped each player. I imagine it had been quite some time since those boys had lost 6-0. For a while, they probably wondered how they should act.

They'll remember that applause. They'll remember a lot of what happened to them that wild weekend in March. **END**



Nearly all 17,553 fans stayed for the awards ceremony after the final game.

tournaments since playing in that first one. One year he was in the service. Then in 1981 he switched jobs, so he had to pass up another. "For me to get here is the big thing," he said. "I don't care who wins." He and Begich traded insults about the old days. "We even took a tour of the state capitol that first time," recalled Drobnick. "Milan says, 'Boy, they sure could put a lot of hay in here.' Then we went to a restaurant and found a tip someone had left in the tip bowl. We thought it was an ashtray. Milan looks at the bowl and says, 'There's money in there, holy cow.' And we took it."

didn't have any pucks. You skated all day because there was nothing else to do. No TV. You had to get out of the house. Eveleth was a real melting pot—Swedes, dagos, bohunks. I don't care what you call me as long as you don't call me late for supper."

We laughed and drank the wine and ate the delicious sausage. As I bade good-bye to Drobnick nodded at Begich and said, "Why, during this tournament we even give up sex." They smiled at their wives, who smiled back. "We make our hotel reservations for next year when we leave."

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# First Person

by JOHN WIDENMAN

## A ONETIME PLAYGROUND CHAMP VISITS THE BIG HOUSE—AND FINDS A GHOST

I was at the State Correctional Institution at Pittsburgh, commonly known to the cons as Western Penn., to visit my brother. He's serving a life term and I'm writing a book about him and the prison, about two brothers losing touch and then finding each other again, because of and in spite of the stone walls separating them. That's why I was in the joint. To visit my brother and work on the book. I never expected to find Reds. Reds had been a cop, a good guy the last time I remembered seeing him. Then he materialized in the prison visiting lounge 20 years later, an inmate, a bad guy, a ghost.

Visiting the prison is like returning to Homewood, my old neighborhood in Pittsburgh, because you never know whom you'll see, who will pop up and in what disguise. As usual, I had a few uneasy minutes alone in the room where inmates and their visitors meet at Western Penn. before my brother, Robby, sat down at the table. He had to undergo a strip search before he entered the lounge and again when he left. Reds first appeared across the room while I was waiting for my brother.

The lounge was crowded and noisy. There were many more black faces than white. I quickly looked away from Reds. Tried to ignore him as I ignored other visitors, granting them the privacy I seek with my brother when we claim our little bit of turf, two vinyl-cushioned chairs with a low, two-foot-square table between us.

Most prisoners and the majority of visitors were less than 30. Lots of little kids had come visiting. Prisoners yelled across the room for a cigarette or to greet another prisoner's familiar guests. There were many exchanges of hand slapping, exclamations of surprise, *Oh my Gods*, when a person ran into someone unexpected. The prisoners wore sky-blue tunics and string-tied trousers a darker shade of blue. Under the baggy uniforms rippled the lean, muscular bodies of athletes.

Robby does 1,000 push-ups dai-

ly in his cell. He also runs five or six miles each day around the prison yard. Staying in shape is more than recreation. In the prison it's a necessity for survival. Robby has told me I'm his measuring rod. Since I'm 10 years older, he derives a little comfort from the fact that I still play basketball. He can imagine himself 10 years down the road. If he keeps fit until he gets out, even if it's not for seven or eight more years, he can at least look forward to having something left of his body.

That day in the visiting lounge about a year ago, after Robby and I hugged each other, I asked him almost immediately who that guy was. The old white guy over there with the priest

"That's Murphy, man. A crazy, simpleminded old dude," Robby said.

"Does he have a nickname? Does anybody call him Reds?" I asked.

"Don't nobody like him or talk that much to him. Might be Reds, for all I know. He's Murphy to me. Used to be a cop. Lucky ain't nobody killed him. Cops ain't too popular in the joint. You know what I mean. Lots of guys in here love to get their hands on a cop. Wouldn't think no more of offing a cop than stepping on a roach. Once a cop, always a cop. All of 'em snitches. But old Murphy been here a long time. Don't nobody bother him no more. He's just another con now."

It had to be Reds. The elongated, pale face. Big hands. His thick body softer now, going to fat, but that aggressive forward hunch still in his shoulders. *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Arms short for his body, hanging limp but bent at the elbows, coiled, ready to receive a pass or snap

into position for a two-hand set shot.

Reds was nearly bald except for a few strands of thin, reddish hair combed back over the steep crown of his skull. Like my grandmother, Reds had called me Spanky, my Homewood name. He had played high school ball against Maurice Stokes and Ed Fleming, legendary Homewood heroes who'd gone on from Westinghouse High to the NBA. To hear Reds tell it, he was better than both of them. They were good, strong kids, but raw. He could shoot and pass rings around them. If he'd gotten a chance in college ball like they had, no telling how far he'd have gone. But it wasn't in the cards.

Reds was one of the kings of the playground, an aging king but still on top, when, at 13 or so, I first ventured away from my home court—a single wooden backboard on a pole in Liberty Elementary School's dirt leftfield—to Mellon Park, where good players from all over the city congregated. For some reason Reds liked me. Maybe he remembered me, even younger, watching the games in Westinghouse Park. I remembered him.

I'd never called my grandmother, Freeda French, anything but Freed. The house on Finance Street in Homewood had always been known by the kids in the family as Freed's. After I left Pittsburgh to play basketball at the University of Pennsylvania, Freed's house had been my only real link to Homewood. By following the railroad tracks that ran by her house up Finance Street past Homewood Avenue, I could reach Westinghouse Park, where there were swings, slides, trees, open green space and, I'd noticed later, basketball courts, a ball field and girls. Learned to play basketball during summers on the tiny, fenced-in cement court.

Reds was one of the few white players in Westinghouse Park, and maybe he recognized me at Mellon because I'd always been hanging around Westinghouse. Maybe I reminded him of the brown, wide-eyed peanut gallery that always gathered to watch those summer games in Homewood. Whatever, he took me under his wing. Made sure I got to play every now and then in the less high-powered Mellon games. He also guaranteed me safe passage through the white neighborhoods I had to cross walk-



ing to and from Mellon Park. Spanky's O.K. He's a good kid. That was all Reds had to say.

Reds wasn't a cop then. He drove a bread truck for the National Biscuit Company. Coincidentally, Nabisco sponsored my favorite radio show, *Straight Arrow*. I'd always identified with Indians more than cowboys, and with the tomtom cadence of the song that began each *Straight Arrow* episode:

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Not that the white kids in the neighborhoods bordering Mellon Park posed any actual danger to life or limb. It was more a matter of harassment. Nigger this and nigger that and maybe a stone or two at your feet kicking dust off the asphalt or a gang of six or seven kids with nothing better to do than block the sidewalk so I'd have to go around them and worry for the next 50 yards or so whether they'd decide to chase me or not.

Reds looked out for me. Then, over the years, as I grew bigger and stronger, Reds gradually became less of a fixture at Mellon. His skills declined. The two-hand, over-the-head set shot that began when he slid one foot behind the other stopped being automatic. His leaning jumper, which had always looked awkward because it was propelled with two hands like his set shot, dated Reds. Young skywalkers grinned and swatted it back in his face.

When Reds sprinted hard or touched down after the jumper you could hear coins crashing in the deep front pockets of his chinos. The jingle-jangle was out of place; Reds sounded as if he didn't belong on the court, as if he was just passing through on his way to work. I remembered wondering why he always carried pocketfuls of change.

As a new generation of bullplayers—blacks from Homewood, East Liberty and the Hill, whites from Point Breeze, Morningside and the suburbs—came along, I battled them on even terms. My rep was established by the time I was 16, and I didn't need Reds or anybody else. Reds would show up occasionally, a faded

*continued*

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ed star in the background still spinning stories about the times he'd beaten Stokes and Fleming.

I always greeted Reds, but as I became a king in my own right, we had less and less to say to each other. I began avoiding him when I could. He'd embarrass me the way he'd holler Spanky. I didn't like it but let it slide. Reds was Reds and always would be. To him I'd always be Spanky, always be a kid who needed his running commentary on passes I should have made and shots I shouldn't have taken.

Playing Big Five and Ivy League ball in Penn.'s Palestra kept me busy and sometimes happy. But college basketball lacked the spontaneity, the free-form improvisation and electricity of the playground game. Most coaches designed offenses more suitable for corn-fed Big Ten linemen than for the high-flying whippets and greyhounds the city game was beginning to breed. "Playground move" was synonymous with bad move. Not *board* move, but something undisci-

plined, selfish, possibly immoral. Twenty years later, coaches are attempting to systematize and teach the essence of the game invented on the playgrounds.

At Penn I became a better player, but I paid a steep price for that and other cultural improvements. Teachers, coaches, nearly everyone important in the white university environment urged me to hurry my past. I learned to stake too much of

*From the forthcoming book **Brothers and Keepers**, by John Wideman, to be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

who I was on what I would become, lived for the day I could look back, look down on Reds and everybody else in Mellon Park, in Homewood.

If Reds was around Mellon when I returned home from college to play during summer vacations, I can't recall. On the court I wouldn't have answered to Spanky. That I do know. The past was incriminating. The past was skinny legs, a silly nickname, a pickaninny pot belly

that wouldn't go away till I was 15.

Yet Mellon Park continued to be a special place in my imagination. When I balked at the regimen, the monotony, the blue-collar ethic of practice, practice, practice, the prospect of beating Princeton or Yale was seldom incentive enough to inspire more effort. To keep myself hustling I'd imagine how lame I'd sound trying to explain to the older guys from the playground—people like Delton and Smitty and Reds and Rudy and George Brown—why I blew the chance they never had. I'd anticipate the golden summers at Mellon, the chance to show off my new skills and prove I hadn't forgotten the old ones, the only ones that mattered in my heart of hearts.

Mellon remains popular on summer weekends for Pittsburgh's high school, college, pro and playground royalty. The court's run-down now, scarred backboards, rims bent and loose, two cracks in the asphalt just beyond one foul line so driving down the lane is like walking up steps. Neglected, going to seed, the buck-

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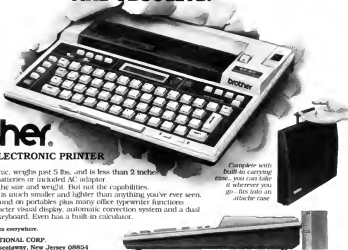
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ling, dark gray rectangle is a symbol for the potholed city. Tradition and location conspire to preserve Mellon's uniqueness. Over the years Pittsburgh's best—Chuck Cooper, Dick Groat, Jack Twyman, Si Green, Jimmy Smith, Kenny Durrett, Connie Hawkins, Maurice Lucas, along with Stokes and Fleming—have played at Mellon. And because the park's not really in anybody's neighborhood, it's a no-man's-land, the perfect place for a battlefield, one of the only inner-city basketball courts where white and black players confront one another.

At Mellon a few summers ago I learned what it felt like to be a ghost. Some of the "older" guys—I had 10 or 15 years on most of them—were waiting for winners and reminiscing about Mellon's good old days. They talked about this dude who went to Peabody High. He was bad, yeah. Played in college. Won some kind of scholarship or something. Had a nice game. What was his name? I said my name, and one or two nodded. Yeah, yeah. That's the dude. He could shoot,

When Robby had said Reds was a cop, a memory had been tripped. In my mind's eye I again saw Reds in his city cop uniform, dark blue like the prisoners' pants. It was Reds' face I saw under the polished black visor of the cap, but it was somehow different, ominous, even though he was smiling and basking in all the attention his uniform was getting, out of place at Mellon Park.

I was trying to explain Reds to my brother. Problem was I couldn't get the story straight myself. Loose ends, gaps, details I couldn't or didn't want to recall. Years and years since I'd thought of Reds, then suddenly there he was across the visitors' lounge, his long torso and big head, the bow of his belly, his hands still poised and ready for a pass.

"What's he in for?"

"They say he chopped his wife up in little pieces."

"He used to look out for me over at Mellon."

"Say he caught her with another dude. Went crazy and wasted his old lady."

Reds passed by a little later. He shook my hand. Said, "Spanky." Nodded at my brother. An incredulous look, a few mumbled words, but it was obvious he was remembering everything, and everything was too much to handle. Neither of us wanted to linger, so off he went, again with the priest and an older woman, who was his sister, mother, cousin, whoever.

Robby told me during a subsequent visit that Reds had bragged about how tight he was with me. Wideman. And Wideman included my brother, so Reds figured he had gained an in with the black guys, among whom Robby was a leader. Reds traded on that association, boasting, carrying himself a little taller, straighter, humming cigarettes, till he earned it a bit too far, got too familiar and Robby had to tell him cool it. A strange sort of payback, a false neatness rounding off my relationship to Reds. For a month or two, I had been Reds' safe passage through one black corner of Western Penn.

END

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Only seconds remained before the start of the seventh game between Boston and Philadelphia for the NBA's Eastern Conference championship—a game that, if the Sixers lost, would have been the most devastating in a succession of postseason 76er swoons. And, suddenly materializing almost before their eyes in Boston Garden stood five Boston fans wearing hooded sheets bearing the legend THE GHOSTS OF CELTICS PAST.... “That’s when I got scared,” Philadelphia’s Julius Erving said. “I thought it was the Klan.”

But that blast from the past didn’t help the Celtics.... This Philadelphia team played like the old run-and-shoot gangs of the late ’70s, and the runniest and shootiest were Erving and Andrew Toney The Doctor... scored 29 points. Toney, a/k/a the Boston Strangler got 34. “We were a different team today,” said [Sixer Guard Maurice] Cheeks. “We played like we were possessed.” But not by The Ghosts of the Celtics Past. —Anthony Cotton, *SI*—May 31, 1982.

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 21-27

Compiled by FRANZ LIDZ

**PHD BASKETBALL**—The Philadelphia 76ers, despite their league and Atlantic Division-leading 49-7 record, continued playing against lesser teams with a vengeance. In a 115-104 rout of Dallas, Phil swarmed to a 71-44 half-time lead and was ahead at one point by 35. It was the 20th time this season that the 76ers had run up a double-digit lead in the first quarter and extended it in the next two. In a 116-111 win over Chicago two nights later, the 76ers uncharacteristically lacked the killer instinct, perhaps because they played most of the game without Julius Erving. Late in the second quarter Chicago's Mark Olender poked in a shot in the right eye, scratching his cornea. That ended his string of 321 straight games of double-figure scoring. He played in Sunday's 115-104 victory over Golden State wearing protective goggles and scored 18 points. Speaking of spectacles, the Lakers made one of their marks in a 113-104 home-court loss to Boston. Larry Bird turned the game around in the third quarter with consecutive three-pointers, converting, and in the NBA's three-point shooting, having missed both tries against the Celtics and their last 36 in a row. L.A. has now lost all four games it's played against Boston and Philadelphia. In a meeting of Central (Milwaukee) and Midwest (San Antonio) leaders, the Bucks won 107-104. Milwaukee's two injured centers of attention, David Cowens and Bob Lanier, both saw their comeback further delayed by discouraging medical reports.

**BOWLING**—EKKEHARD FASSER drove a Swiss four-man sled to the world title, beating a West German sled piloted by Andreas Weferscheidt by .36 of a second over a 1,257-meter course in Lake Placid, N.Y.

**BOWLING**—EARL ANTHONY defeated Mel Acosta 224-220 to win a \$150,000 PBA tournament in Phoenix, Ill.

**BOXING**—HIRO WATANABE successfully defended his WBA junior bantamweight title with an eighth-round knockout of Luis Ibarra in Tokyo, Japan.

**GOLF**—JAN STEPHENSON shot a near-under-par 207 to win the \$150,000 Tucson Commodore Open. She beat Alcy Atonk by five strokes.

**HOCKEY**—The Sappers and the Sabres gave the division leaders St. Brian Sutter of St. Louis scored two

goals and added a couple of assists in a 5-5 tie with Edmonton, tops in the Smythe. Brother Buzz of the New York Islanders tied a puck from a Chicago defenseman and pepped home a 15-footer to forge a 4-4 draw with the North packman. In Buffalo, the Sabres, trailing 6-1 at 4:44 of the second, came back period with four goals against Adams-leading Boston and went on to win 7-6. Two nights earlier, Buffalo grounded Philadelphia, No. 1 in the Patrick, 4-3 (page 20).

**HORSE RACING**—MARIMBULA (5/9), Sandy Hawley Jr. deflated Aragonite by a neck to win the \$250,000 Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita. The 5-year-old mare covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:48.2.

**CHRISTMAS PAST** (\$4,600), ridden by Jorge Valenzuela, won the \$100,000 Goldenhorn Park Handicap by a neck over Crafty Prospector. The 3-year-old filly ran the 1 1/4 miles in 2:02.6.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—MISL It's a Zangal out there. That's what players from the East were saying at the league's annual All-Star game in Kansas City. Forward Steve Zangal had represented the New York Arrows of the last in all three previous All-Star games, but a Jan. 25 trade to Golden State overrode his eligibility. Zangal stepped in two goals, and Kim Rasmussen of Wichita scored the game winner on a 30-footer at 6:18 of overtime to give the West a 6-5 win. Stan Stamenovich of Memphis accounted for four of the East's goals and was named MVP.

**SPEED SKATING**—AKIRA KUROIWA of Japan won the men's title and KARIN ENKE of East Germany the women's at the World Sprint Championships in Heilbrunn.

**SWIMMING**—VLADIMIR SALNIKOV swam a 14:54 1 1/2 1,500-meter freestyle in Moscow to lower his own world record by 1 1/2 seconds.

**TENNIS**—ROSÉ HIGUERAS beat Eliot Teltscher, 6-4, 6-2, to win a \$255,000 Grand Prix tournament in La Quinta, Calif.

**TRACK & FIELD**—EAMONN COGHILL knocked 37 off his own world record in the indoor mile with a clocking of 3:49.78, and DIANE DIXON ran the 400 meters in 1:17.14 under Gwen Gardiner's 1980 U.S. women's indoor record, in East Rutherford, N.J. (page 24).

Four world indoor records fell at the national indoor championships in New York. DIXON ran 400 yards in 53.52, surpassing Raylene Bryant's 1980 mark. STEPHANIE BRIDGEMAN improved the women's 60 high-hurdle record she had shared with Candy Young by 0.1 to 7.37. RAY SHARP improved nearly seven seconds off Jim Herring's year-old standard in the men's one-mile walk with a time of 17:13.35, and BILL COLLINS, MIKE PAUL, FRED TAYLOR and TONY DARDEN established a record of 2:00.25 in the 1,200-yard sprint medley relay. 75 of a second better than the old mark, set in 1980 by another trio of Americans, CAROL LEWIS leaped 21' 5 1/2" to set an American women's indoor long-jump record, eclipsing Martha Watson's 1973 mark by a half inch.

**YACHTING**—MONROE WINGATE and CHRIS COMLEY of San Francisco sailed their 42-foot Peterson-designed Scarabeo 4700 to overall first victory in the six-race, 88-hour Southern Ocean Racing Conference, crossing from behind to beat Locust in the last race in Nassau.

**MISPOSTS**—AWARDED BY THE AAU, the Sullivan Award is the top amateur athlete in the U.S. for 1982. MARY DECKER TAMB, 26, who set seven world records (four indoor and three outdoor) and 10 American records (four indoor and six outdoor) in distances ranging from one mile to 10,000 meters.

**FIRE**—DON POPOVIC, 42, the only coach the four-time MISL champion New York Arrows ever had. He was replaced by JOE MACCHINIK, 40, MISL referee-in-chief. Popovic then took over for ROGER THOMPSON, 42, who was fired as coach of the Golden Bay Earthquakes.

**SIGNED**—By the New Jersey General of the USFL, to a three-year, \$3.9 million contract, Hershey Trophy winner HERSCHEL WALKER (page 40). By the USFL Michigan Panthers, three-time All-American Wide Receiver ANTHONY CARTER of Michigan to a reported \$2.4 million, four-year deal.

## CREDITS

8—Carl Hestala; 10—Illustration by Sam O. Williamson; 24, 26—Paul Berwick; 26, 27—Manny Miller; Jacques Van Gaster; 28—Manny Miller; 29—Manny Miller; 30—Paul Berwick; 31—Anthony Nappa; 34-35—Lance Stewart; 42, 43—Manny Miller; 44—Carl Hestala; 46—Gina Swainey; 47—Manny Miller; 48—Manny Miller; 50-51—Carl Hestala; 51, 52—Mickey Phleger; 52, 53—George Trudewitz; 56—Tony Troilo; 58—Tony Troilo.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**KELLY MCKELLEN**  
DEVON, MASS.

Kelly, a senior at Dexter High, won the state girls' cross-country title and led her team to its second straight league crown. A girls' track high school All-American, she was the state high school girls' two-mile champ in 1981 and '82.



**JIM SLADE**  
ANGAS, CALIF.

Slade, 34, a rifting guide, has led first descents of 20 of the world's wildest rivers and has fished boats on four continents. He most recently retraced John Wesley Powell's 1849 trip of 1,200 miles down the Green and Colorado rivers.



**MICHAEL KING**  
FAIRFAX, ENGLAND

King, 19, a striker for the Fairleigh Dickinson University soccer team, led all collegians in scoring with 31 goals, seven of which came in a game against Minnesota (N.J.) College. He helped FDU to its first berth in the NCAA since 1975.



**DEBORAH TEMPLE**  
CLARKSBURG, MD.

Deborah, a 5' 10" sophomore forward-center for Delta State, had 40 rebounds in an 83-79 OT win against Alabama-Birmingham to break the NCAA women's record by 10. Her 23.2 percent average is second in the nation.



**TOM [Corky] DENISON**  
ST. PAUL

**CHRIS HAETINGS**  
NEWBURGH, N.Y.

Denison, 38, a bricklayer, and Chris, a senior at Hanover (N.H.) High, both won ski-jumping titles at the U.S. Ski Association championships in Westby, Wis. Denison was first in the master's class (27 and older) with jumps of 66 and 77 meters. Chris, whose brother, Jeff, is on the U.S. national team, won the 86-meter junior class (18 and under) with leaps of 100 and 94 meters. He represented the U.S. last week at the World University Games in Bulgaria, finishing 13th in the 70-meter.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## BACK TO BASKETBALL

Sir:

First it was sexy Cheryl Tiegs on SI's cover (Feb. 14); now, seven days later, it's an ordained Pentecostal minister, NBA rookie Terry Cummings of the San Diego Clippers. What a difference a week makes!

CHIP CIRILLO  
Franklin, Tenn.

Sir:

Bruce Newman's article (*At the Head of His Class*, Feb. 21) was excellent. As a fan of both DePaul and Ohio State, I was disturbed when Terry Cummings and Clark Kellogg abandoned their respective colleges to enter the NBA. I understand their reasons, though, and wish them luck in their NBA careers.

As Newman said, Cummings, Kellogg and James Worthy are the leading candidates for Rookie of the Year, as they well should be. What I don't understand is why Cummings and Clark weren't considered All-Star material, especially if, as your article said, they were among only four players—the other two being Moses Malone and Larry Bird—averaging at least 20 points a game while grabbing 10 rebounds. This article finally gives these super-rosies the attention they deserve.

MIKE PICK  
Brookfield, Wis.

Sir:

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened my mailbox and found Terry Cummings of San Diego dubbed Rookie of the Year on your cover. Then I read the article and was appalled that Atlanta's Dominique Wilkins was barely mentioned. He doesn't mean to denigrate Cummings, but he hasn't led his team anywhere. As of Feb. 27, the Clippers had a record of 20-38, while the Hawks, with Wilkins, were 28-29. Atlanta was only 10 games out of first place in its division, compared to San Diego's 21½ in its. Cummings as Rookie of the Year? Sheeeesh!

PAUL NOZICK  
Atlanta

## THE SEC

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article *They're SEC-ond to None* (Feb. 21) on the Southeastern Conference and its basketball parity was interesting. It's amazing to see a group of teams trading positions from top to bottom, week after week. However, I couldn't help noticing the comment by Georgia Coach Hugh Durham that North Carolina "took the week off" when it played The Citadel and Furman on one weekend in the middle of the conference schedule. This remark seemed unfair coming from a man whose team took the month of

December off, playing the likes of Randolph-Macon, Georgia State, Central Wesleyan and Augusta. Compared to that, Carolina's schedule is awesome.

JOE WARREN  
Broken Arrow, Okla.

Sir:

Your article praising SEC basketball was right on the mark. The conference has been strong from top to bottom for several years. However, asserting that "the middle-rung schools would blow out the third- or fourth-place teams from anywhere else" is absurd. I doubt if they could blow out Purdue, Minnesota, Illinois and Iowa, the third- through sixth-place teams in the Big Ten after last weekend. Iowa has lost seven Big Ten games, yet has beaten Indiana twice. After a down time last season, the Big Ten has returned to power. While the SEC has an impressive 81-18 record in non-conference games, the Big Ten is even better at 85-18.

NORMAN AMBROS  
Clifton, Ariz.

## DA NEW BROONS

Sir:

Congratulations on finally noticing the best team in hockey (*The Doggone Bruins May Go All the Way*, Feb. 14). Although Jack Falla wrote an engaging article on Boston's Pete Peters & Co., he didn't place enough emphasis on the value of Rick Middleton, perhaps the most complete and most underrated hockey player since Jacques Lemaire. Of course, the emergence of such stars as Peters, Barry Pederson and Keith and Bruce Crowder has helped Da Broons attain their lofty status, but Middleton's extraordinary play has been "the straw that stirred the drink," as Reggie Jackson might say. If Middleton is not the best two-way performer in hockey today, then Gordie Howe must still be playing somewhere!

JOHN WHALEY  
Mississauga, Ontario

Sir:

Jack Falla's piece on the Bruins was excellent. His hockey writing is a welcome addition to SI. One correction, however: The Bruins' team record for most shutouts by a goaltender is held by Hal Winkler, not Terry Sawchuk. Winkler had 15 shutouts for the Bruins during the 1927-28 season.

In addition, Hall of Fame Goalie Frank Brumsek had 10 shutouts for the Bruins in 1938-39, and fellow Hall of Famer Tim Thompson had 10 in 1935-36, 11 in 1932-33, nine in 1931-32 and 12 in 1928-29.

Pete Peters' performance—seven shutouts so far this season—may indeed place him

in the company of such hallowed goalies someday.

CHARLES M. PYLE III  
Boston

## BORG'S SWAN SONG

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick took some cheap shots at Southern towns—"tanktowns"—in his story on Bjorn Borg's farewell exhibition tour (*A Marriage Made in Gliterville*, Feb. 14). It's really sad that a reporter could write a piece like that. Come on! Was it that bad—limos running red lights, an old lady climbing into Borg's limo and calling him "Bjorn boy"? And what's wrong with giving someone the key to a city? Low blow.

BILLY PETERSON  
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick was most kind in his description of the events surrounding Bjorn Borg's farewell tour. I was one of the unfortunate people who had to sit through promoter Bill Stamp's sideshow in Chattanooga. I was embarrassed as a Chattanooga, as a tennis player and as a human being. Stamp succeeded in making a circus out of a dignified sport. I hope that Borg doesn't feel that was representative of all of Chattanooga—it's really a fairly nice place to live.

VICKIE MEREDITH  
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

## FITNESS (CONT.)

Sir:

In the article on fitness (*Hold On There America*, Feb. 7), you mentioned a ludicrous situation at Proviso East High School in Maywood, Ill., where students could earn physical education credits by playing pinocchio.

This is ironic because in 1942, soon after the U.S. had entered World War II, Proviso gained national recognition for its innovative program of promoting vigorous physical education. The late Les Remley, then athletic director, reorganized the physical education curriculum and installed, in the basement of the spacious field house, the same type of obstacle course used by the training camps of the armed forces. We Proviso students then spent long hours scrambling over hurdles, climbing ropes and trudging long miles around the oval cinder track.

Remley believed—and preached—that all students should be graduated from high school not only with the training and education to hold a job, but also with the physical capacity to comfortably meet the demands of adult life. His staff included, among others, Wrestling Coach Lee Simmer, who had been the state's leading physical fitness exponent.

continued

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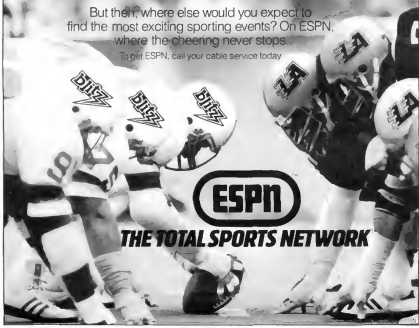
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## 19TH HOLE (continued)

long before World War II, Andy Papin, former quarterback at Notre Dame; and Chuck Kassel, who had played end on the Red Grange teams at Illinois.

I left Proviso in 1943 and did not return until 1968 when, while taking part in my 25th class reunion, my wife and I watched Proviso's football team play neighboring Waukegan. As we looked around us at that game, we quickly realized that the vigorous Proviso of the early '40s was gone. Student spectators in the stands ignored the cheerleaders and the action on the field. Instead they sat and gossiped, played cards, drank booze and listened to music from transistor radios.

Proviso's decline should not tarnish the luster of the fine coaches and teachers of its earlier years. They invested their lives in nourishing us in body, heart and mind.

By the way, Proviso alumni include astronaut Gene Cernan, actress Carol Lawrence, talk-show host Mike Douglas, Green Bay Linebacker Ray Nitschke, White Sox Pitcher Orval Grove and me, a claims examiner.

BOB SULLLEY  
Ludington, Mich.

Sir:

Congratulations for possessing the courage and journalistic integrity to take a close look at the so-called fitness boom and to discover that it is largely illusory. We Americans have much work to do to improve our diets, our life-styles and our exercise patterns.

As the sports editor of a small-town newspaper, I was interested in Jerry Kirshenbaum's and Robert Sullivan's remarks about the disparity between competitive athletics and physical programs in the schools. They are on target in saying, "Administrators, parents and the local press are often more interested in what happens in the gym on Friday nights than during school hours."

We in the media tend to laud those students with superior athletic skills and ignore those whose interests and skills lie elsewhere. It's an unfortunate trend that does little to publicize the value of fitness. Reevaluation of our perspective on sports and fitness is in order, and your article will help us in the task.

MARK CHREVENGALL  
Rifle, Colo.

## EDMONDS' MEMORABILIA

Sir:

It was a pleasure to read Walter Edmonds' reminiscence of his early experiences as a fly fisherman (*A Birthday to Remember*, Jan. 31). Several years ago, a group of us purchased Northlands, the Edmonds' estate near Boonville, N.Y. The pond on which Walter practiced his casts is still there, and the farmhouse—all 16 rooms—is an nearly the same condition it was when he was a boy.

After the purchase I negotiated with Walter's wife, Katharine, to buy the furniture and decorations that remained in the house. Above the fireplace in what we call the library, a stuffed trout mounted under glass

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## 19TH HOLE continued

caught my eye and I expressed a desire to purchase it. She would not sell it to me, but was kind enough to donate it. It hangs there still. Quite possibly, this is the same 8½-pound trout that Walter's father caught at Murray Bay so long ago.

HASKELL ROSENBERG  
Rochester, N.Y.

• Edmonds says the mounted fish is, indeed, his father's big trout.—ED.

## PITT'S DR. Z

Sir:

In the Jan. 17 *FACES IN THE CROWD*, you noted that Dr. Zehfuss, a 74-year-old eye surgeon, had shot two holes-in-one in one round of golf.

Your readers might also be interested to learn that Dr. Zehfuss was a member of the 1927-28, '28-29 and '29-30 basketball squads at the University of Pittsburgh. The first and last of those teams were winners of the mythical national championship.

While earning his Pitt medical degree, Zehfuss was a freshman basketball coach; later he was an assistant coach, and a physician with the student health office. His exemplary professional and World War II military service brought him the Pitt Varsity Letter Club's Letterman of Distinction Award in 1965.

In addition to being an "ace" golfer, he also well represents what intercollegiate athletics can and should be about.

ROBERT C. ROSENBERG  
Executive Secretary  
Pitt Varsity Letter Club  
Pittsburgh

## ANOTHER MARIS FEAT

Sir:

An item in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Jan. 24) says that Brent Fullwood set a national high school record when he returned three kickoffs for touchdowns in one game. An old high school yearbook of mine says that Roger Maris, who's better known for his baseball accomplishments, returned four kickoffs for touchdowns in a 1951 game as Shanley of Fargo, N. Dak., defeated Devils Lake 35-27. Who's right?

C. MICHAEL REIMERGER  
West Henrietta, N.Y.

• Maris' returns for TDs were never submitted to the National Federation of State High School Associations, the arbiter—and SI's source—of such records. However, Maris' football coach at Shanley, Sidney Cichy, who, incidentally, has twice appeared in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Nov. 17, 1975 and Dec. 5, 1977), assures us that Maris did run back four kickoffs—all for more than 80 yards.—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.





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